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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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MATTHEW ARNOLD, an Earnest Victorian

To him, Miss Mary Augusta, his niece: "Why, Uncle Matthew, oh, why will not you be always wholly serious?"

From a cartoon by Max Beerbohm in "The Stuffed Owl" (Coward-McCann).

Experiments with Truth

MAHATMA GANDHI: His Own Story. Edited by C. F. ANDREWS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

THIS American version of Gandhi's great autobiography is very timely. The Indian edition of more than a thousand pages is called "My Experiments with Truth," and this fine title has been sacrificed. So, too, have the noble type and the wide margins which make the Indian version so fine a specimen of craftsmanship. The original book, like so much else that Gandhi has done, is a monument of fine and sincere work and of true craftsmanship, with its binding of *khaddar* (homespun), and its freedom from all typographical errors. It has, too, an index which the American edition lacks; and these things are significant, for they mean that the Orient is beating us at our own game, as well as offering us a new ethic, a new spiritual ideal, and a very practical moral equivalent for war. C. F. Andrews has done the work of abridgment and editing admirably; perhaps no one else could have done it so well; and the book should have a very eager reception. It contains just what the West needs to understand this grand figure. We are all interested in the Mahatma, whose story is here told with "a simplicity that is almost naïve, a frankness that is frequently startling, and an integrity that is always sublime."

If some may object to Mr. John Haynes Holmes's, introductory eulogies which place Gandhi in the succession of Tolstoy, Garrison, St. Francis of Assisi, Jesus, and Isaiah as a "non-resistant," and with Lao-tsze, Confucius, the Buddha, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Isaiah as one of the world's supreme religious geniuses, yet all will read his admirable summary with profit. He shows us the meek yet terrible figure of Gandhi—"now as always the central driving force in Indian political life"—and says that he "is mightier at this hour than he has ever been before, because his exalted spirit is entering permanently into

(*Continued on page* 176)

This Semi-Detached Age

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

We are betrayed by what is false within.

IN this line of verse is the thesis of Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's new book.* The author of "A Survey of British Culture" narrows his view to the middle four decades of the nineteenth century,—and this is his conclusion. The Victorians sought truth sturdily, earnestly, but always with reservations. They never let themselves utterly go. Something of spirit was lacking to them, so that their final dependence had to be upon laws. They built a great house which, like Beckford's Fonthill Abbey, lacked foundations—and is falling. Robust personalities, honest, earnest men, great doers, they gambled upon a world in which hard work was always to be rewarded, and seem likely to lose their wages.

Such is his criticism, and yet in nothing but its fancy title does this very interesting book resemble the Stracheyan school of biography under whose velvet cat's paw the Victorians have just passed to emerge scratched and torn with sawdust outpouring from the gashes. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford is, indeed, a social historian, not a biographer. His aim is neither to debunk nor to sharpen the portrait by acid touches. He writes to describe, to estimate, to correlate, not to transmute old conviction into new prejudice. His book is less brilliant than Strachey's — and fairer. Escaped from the attitude of reverence, he does not throw his judgment after his emotions, nor ever forget that England was great, and happy, in the mid-nineteenth century. He notes that Victorian literature still looms above the Edwardian and the Georgian, knows that nineteenth century music is more impressive than twentieth, remarks that whatever may be said of the moralisms of the nineteenth century, its moral earnestness was more effective than our moral anarchy. He believes that the Victorian must first be recognized as one of the great ages of human culture. Only then can one ask intelligently, the question, why did it fail?

The author is tireless, but never tiresome, in pursuit of the answer, and, better than in any recent book, the age lives again in his pages. They are crammed with anecdote and yet never unrelated to the social and economic currents underlying. Romance, snobbishness, religion, the decline of the aristocracy into the sporting pages, the cult of the double bed, interior decorations mental and physical, are characteristic topics, discussed with a depth of analysis that the clever titles do not suggest. And from his multiple themes he draws again and again the same conclusions. These Victorians had an abounding personal vigor which was spiritual as well as physical. They were "big"—not in the modern sense of success, possessions, or executive ability, but big in personality, big in endeavor, big in gusto, in earnestness, and in achievement. Arnold and Dickens, Tennyson and Surtees, even such antithetical observers offer the same testimony. It was an age of giants. And, for a second characteristic, an age of giant labor. They were convinced, pragmatically and every other way, of the gospel of work. Their writers wrote in sets; their painters painted in movements; their scientists put a lifetime in a book; their business men made England the bank and workshop of the world, and consolidated an empire as a by-product of harder work.

And yet, Mr. Wingfield-Stratford says, they failed. The exuberance went out of more than just their England in the first decades of the new century. Industrialism, which promised so much, revealed its dangers just when they had raised it to an undreamt of success. The simple moral theme, Be a good worker and you will be happy, no longer sufficed for a generation that liked neither the results of work nor the Victorian conception of happiness. They failed, he thinks, because they would not push their search for truth beyond what seemed to them the prerequisites for success—belief in an all wise providence, concurrence in a legalistic morality, confidence in the rewards of work.

But if they failed, which means, in social history, left no resembling generation behind them, did Victorianism fail with them? The author, so it seems to me, has underestimated the toughness of the Victorianism which he so ably describes. He sees the race of giants losing their abounding vigor, searches in vain for personality in our modern novels, finds the flush of moral earnestness paled in our youth, and marks the end of a philosophy by the passing of a type of men. He neglects, I think, a vital interdependence between the exuberance of the Victorians and their gospel of work which might have come out clear if he had written of American as well as English Victorianism. His few side remarks on America show little knowledge of either resemblances or difference, his single reference to Emerson is of doubtful validity, and his one American anecdote is certainly apocryphal.

In America, the triumph of work was even greater than in England, and its benefits far more widely distributed. And in America a heroic exuberance produced "characters," especially among the pioneers, which are only now reminiscently finding their way into the show cases of literature. Given opportunity of an extraordinary kind, and the human rises to meet it. Opportunity, the countless opportunities of the industrial revolution, the intoxicating opportunities of free land and unexploited resources in America, the wide and entrancing opportunity which democracy offered to the masses—this was the *élan vital* of the Victorian age, and this the pri-

* THOSE EARNEST VICTORIANS. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $3.50.

This Week

"Johannes Brahms."
Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH.

"The Critical Year."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Shepherds in Sackcloth."
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

"Mirthful Haven'"
Reviewed by MARSHALL BEST.

"Whither, Whither?"
Reviewed by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

"Private Letters."
Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

"The American Road to Culture."
Reviewed by C. C. LITTLE.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

But First I Saw Them Live.
By MARION CANBY.

Next Week, or Later

The Publishers Racket.
Two Articles by LOUIS BROMFIELD.

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mary cause of their gospel of work. For work paid, and paid richly in the middle four decades of the nineteenth century, and still pays more than ever before in the history of the world. It made land owners out of hired men, captains of industry out of wage earners, cities out of villages.

We are walking reservoirs of potential enthusiasm, or, if not enthusiasm, energy. And any opportunity sufficiently urgent will release our floods. The psychological history of the United States is essentially an account of this releasing through recurrent plan and accident of an incredible flow of human energy. And such a release, of course, is retroactive; it leads to satisfactions even in hardships, and to a certain personal magnitude, such as one sees in Whitman's "powerful, uneducated people," in mining camps, industrial towns, or new settlements. Never was there a greater release of individual potency than came to the English-speaking peoples in the midst of the dirt and ugliness of the industrial revolution and the chicanery and violence of the opening of the American West.

My criticism of the author of this book is that he attributes the decline of Victorian vitality to the false philosophy that labor is an end in itself. The hard-laboring cocksureness of the giants approaches its end, which, according to him, means that the whole experiment was a failure. But it was not an experiment, except in the eyes of a few speculative onlookers—certainly not an experiment for the iron masters, for Darwin, for Spencer. It was a *life*—a life still being vigorously pursued in all its qualities in the United States and in many parts of the British Empire. It was a life conditioned by opportunity, and as it was opportunity that fired the exuberance and set men to furious labor, so it is the growing lack of opportunity which has tamed the fires and made us properly skeptical of the universal benefits of hard work.

But Victorianism itself has not disappeared because of the decay of some of its attributes and our skepticism as to the value of some others. We still live by the conclusions of that system of morals, philosophy, economics, and *mores* developed in accordance with peculiar sets of conditions—or in violent reac-

tion that was expected, ...
less dead thirty years after, than the nineteenth today.

* * *

Indeed it is probably the chief job of the reflective and analytical to criticize in the light of changing conditions a structure of living which, in spite of the war, in spite of Nietzsche, Freud, and Bertrand Russell, is curiously little changed. The gospel of work for the sake of working, which the author uses as his best instance of the Victorian's failure to think things through, is only now beginning to be tested. It has the vast fabric of a comfortable, if ugly, civilization to its credit, it can boast of a distribution of the means of living without precedent in history; it has survived one great war, and the most violent reaction against its methods has in Russia produced a culture even more mechanistic and less regardful of living for the sake of life. Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, Thoreau, Arnold offered qualifications of this gospel which only now begin to stir in men's minds, while the gospel itself continues its march around the earth. One cannot say it has failed, until one sees finally what comes of it. The confident Victorians are dead, but not their work. We ourselves are Victorians, less earnest and more critical, less successful and therefore more willing to carry the search for truth beyond conventions which no longer seem to help.

In industry and statecraft we have been busy with correctives, stabilizers, and distributives, in the attempt to adjust the work-machine to the human factors of which laissez-faire took so little account. We have not really begun the overhauling of the machine itself, although we do speculate. If living for the sake of doing was the characteristic Victorian ideal, how many of us are not still Victorians? How infinitely closer we are, in spite of our expressed contempt, to the Victorians than to anything in the eighteenth century! We cannot imitate it without constructing a palpable sham; whereas our universities, churches, politics, labor unions, even our morals differ from those of our fathers only in that where they were confident we speculate, and what they timidly prophesied we somewhat cynically accept as truth, and wish it weren't. New York and London, in the interpretation of what life is for, are still Victorian to the center.

In literature and art the story is different, and that is why we are under the delusion that we are no longer Victorian. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford aptly notes that the risk the Victorians ran was in the need to adapt themselves to an environment changing beyond precedent. One or two generations only from horseback to steam, from the ancien régime to democracy, from the rational Deity of the eighteenth century to the Evangelical Lord! One generation, for many of us, from agriculture to industrialism! From the excessive strain too long continued of too rapid adaptation we are suffering. The fogs of its nervosities fill our literature. The cracks in our moral system are cracks from its stretching. When the hills rise and fall the strata twist, crystallize, crumble. In literature, art, and now in music, and architecture, we are getting *results*, not merely the continuation of a process. They begin to emerge from Victorianism, at least far enough to reflect it as something alien. One kind of modern criticism loses itself in the abstract over issues which have only a mathematical reality and are chosen as a means of escape from a machine age that the critic neither understands nor likes. Another buries itself in the present age and becomes a mere reflection of mechanical processes. The unsatisfactory nature of the recent humanist controversy was due to the fact that the opponents seldom met (except to abuse each other), because one set had escaped from Victorianism into the ether, and the other group was so deeply engaged in the post-Victorian struggle to lift man up to his machines that it had not sought for a philosophy.

* * *

Literature itself, in this semi-detached age, has become a mirror, reflecting realistically the surprising results of giving Johnny a job, an education, and a room in the city, then saying, run along now and work your eight hours a day, what you do with the other sixteen is not our concern. Here belong all the novels and plays dealing sourly with muddle in everyday life, Dreiserian, and others. Or literature lifts a peg intellectually and artistically, and voices the growing doubt of Victorian ideals; but since there has been as yet nothing constructive done toward a new kind of living, but only an industrious

little vision. This literature is satiric (with ... and Lewis), informative, speculative (with Wells and Galsworthy), experimental (with the numerous immoralists), iconoclastic (as with Mencken), but imaginatively weak, since it is still parasitical upon the Victorian structure, nourished, so to speak, by its diseases; and morally feeble since it is based upon negation, or upon dead material supplied by the scientists, whereas the moral earnestness of the great Victorians, even though its truth was qualified, was a felt conviction, as morality must be if it is to be more than a set of rules for life. And, for a third type, literature today in its most charming aspects is dilettante and decorative,—divorced from life altogether and become an exercise in the piquant or the beautiful, sharing therefore the excellence of all competent art, but missing significance and lacking specific gravity. Here belong our difficult intellectual poetry, growing most metaphysical when the living arts like architecture are becoming simpler, our criticism, which concerns itself more and more with technique and less and less with the true emotional colors of the present, our eighteenth century *pastiches* in fiction, and intricate analyses of the refinements ... men and women who, having lost step and lea... ship, now make intellectual refinement an e... itself.

No, we are still in the august presence ... powerful ghost, which clanks mechan... the Victorians so confidently ran. Ur... ...iat ghost, literature will be only an o... pipes and cymbals in the distance. The ... greater than we are—yet.

According to a Vienna ... ...nt of the London *Observer*, Max Re... discovered a new "Everyman," a Jesui... the title of "Senodoxus, the Doctor ... He intends to get a new adaptation ...bly by Dr. Carl Vollmoeller, the a... ne Miracle."

The fir... ...ional Arthurian Congress, which was he... o, in Cornwall, recently, was attende... ...sentatives from several foreign countri... ...g France, Belgium, Holland, and the ...es.

Brahms, Creator and Man

JOHANNES BRAHMS. By RICHARD SPECHT. Translated from the German by ERIC BLOM. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $6.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

You shall have joy, God said, or you shall have power. You shall not have both.

JOHANNES BRAHMS had power. They buried him next to Beethoven and Schubert, but he died weeping. In the circumstance of his death and interment is implicit the tragic and profound flow of his life: he was a richly human man, with hunger for affection, for laughter, and common joys, yet he moved, possessed by a huge dream, along a lonely, torn way to the company of immortals. He had inner contradictions which would not let him be, and thus was lost to happiness from the very beginning; his nature held dissonances that could never be resolved, shutting him off from ease of living and friendship and the love of women.

But as a creator he was blessed in suffering, for from it blossomed his great art. From anguish and his refusal to surrender the soul's dignity to chaos (Huneker called this "a marvellous spiritual obstinacy") resulted a legislation over order unique in all music; from the writhing emerged the master of pure line; the inner cross-pull rending the man became for the creator a kind of balance, a sublime equipoise which we see now as the very secret of his power. He was demonic yet had an immense will to perfection, cloaking dreams in "the mystic parable of form." He could sing like an angel on, say, fall of rain ("Regenlied" and "Abendregen") because such tenderness was part of his truest being; and could rear cathedrals of sound, the type and standard of musical architectonics, because he had willed himself to become the direct descendant of Bach and Beethoven. He could pour out dark, burning songs, swift as an impulse from the heart (imperishable lyrics like "Wie bist du, meine Königin" and "Von ewiger Liebe"); and brood for ten years upon the "Requiem," steeping that memorial to his mother ... poor, precious Robert Schumann, in the beauty

could not have come close to the secret of so ... matic a figure. For outwardly Brahms's life is wi... out drama. He creates in isolation, spends hours w... books and picture, wanders through forests, enj... black bread and children, folk-lore and peasant p... dings. But within all is stress, gnawing, renun... tion. It is this innerness which is Richard Sp... concern, not the enumeration of concert ... examines ("I do not aim at completene... ence; not at chronology but psycho... perience of a soul. His work cor... ...ness with learning; it is imaginativ... ...actual intimacy with the master; ... ...ment of a novel. Brahms lives in ...

We meet him ... ...of rivers and wood... land—his nar... ...*brams*, the gorge of the Low-C... ...nds—walking through the Rhine v... ...boy of twenty, with hot blue e... ...mouth. He is on his way to ...usseldorf (it is a visit which will ...olly the remainder of his life); to gen... ...man, poet of twilight, his spirit darkened al... ...by the touch of madness; and the dying pres... ...of German music will behold its glowing future. The Hungarian violinist, Joachim, has urged Brahms upon the pilgrimage; has written to friends about a tone-poet "pure as a diamond, soft as snow," with gifts and vitalness greater than any other young musician of the age. And soon Robert the Fantastic is noting in his diary: "Herr Brahms from Hamburg." The next day: "Brahms to see me (a genius.") Then, "Much with Brahms." And finally: "This is *he* who was to come." To Joachim he says: "Johannes is the true apostle, and he will write Revelations, the secret of which many Pharisees will still be unable to unravel even centuries later."

Rich days follow. The tender, radiant Clara, mother of Schumann's seven children, is an interpretative genius of the highest order. The three play together for hours; they speak in the language of sound eloquent beyond words, and in a brief time have reached a beautiful *rapport*. Robert cherishes Johannes both as a son and a musical Messiah; Clara is profoundly moved by his purity, his passionate freshness, the overwhelming creative force; the fair-

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haired boy, silent and graceless, yet with a wonder of inner wealth, becomes bound in love to both Schumanns forever.

But this seemingly idyllic period is a prelude to tragedy. Brahms writes his dreaming, sensuous Sonata in F Minor. All unaware, he is in love with Clara Schumann; the music is premonitory, confessional. And Robert is beginning to vanish into the realm of night. He has auditive hallucinations, imagines himself in converse with unearthly powers. He writes down a ravishing theme; Schubert, he says, has sung it to him. He sits for hours, turned inward upon himself. Soon the news comes to Brahms that the beloved master —"Mynheer Dominus" the boy calls Schumann—has thrown himself from a bridge into the Rhine under the spell of melancholy. He has been saved, he is in an asylum. (It does not say that he will never come out alive.) Brahms rushes to Düsseldorf, to his stricken "Domina," who is already bearing the twilight-man's eighth child.

* * *

What follows is pitiful yet somehow noble. Brahms is swept by his first deep passion, yet he must not by a glance betray the doomed Schumann. And Clara's motherly feeling—she is ten years older than he—is slowly being transformed; soon, worshipping Schumann, she comes to love Brahms. Both struggle against it, and are powerless. The child Felix is born—like all her sons he will be a child of sorrow —and their letters begin to breathe an open tenderness. Brahms visits Schumann and weeps bitterly by his side. He wrestles with himself and is haunted by the thought of suicide. Schumann sinks into unending night; Brahms writes the abysmal piano Quartet in C Minor. It reflects the overcast soul, but it concludes with a magnificent song, the will to live. He must make a decision between the love which will fill his life and the mission to which his life will be dedicated. He chooses art; and the renunciation soars from the quartet's adagio. Soon the two lovers stand side by side at the grave of Robert Schumann; it is their parting. But the love will endure till their deaths. Specht says admirably:

> For all that, he could never shake off a feeling of guilt. It weighed on him, and his music expresses it. It is pressure that hardens the rock, and it was the pressure of this wrong that made him hard both toward himself and others. And he never held in his arms another woman to whom his heart inclined. With all his beatifying inner riches he went through life alone. . . . He had lost the innocence of his conscience and he carried the guilt painfully. . . . (His) existence stood wholly under the sign of love, yet was only to be crowned with laurel, never with roses. Johannes Brahms made no beloved immortal.

This work would be invaluable even if its contribution were alone the story of Brahms and the Schumanns, but it has a wealth of additional material. Other women meant much to him: here are Agatha von Siebold, Julie Schumann, Elizabeth von Herzogenberg, and Alice Barbi, all drawn vitally. He touched the creative music life of his generation at innumerable points: Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, von Bülow, Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Johann Strauss, and a host of others move vividly through these pages. His interests were wide: herein such dissimilar contemporary forces as Nietzche, Böcklin, Hebbel, Anselm Feuerbach, and Bismarck are significantly related to his progress and philosophy. There is a real projection of the social and artistic *milieu* of the period, the chapter on Brahm's Viennese circle being especially brilliant; a judicious use of the composer's letters, which give the Brahmsian spirit without a slowing of movement; stimulating critical evaluations of the music, with passionate appreciation the approach and not blind hero-worship.

Richard Specht has written a splendid book on Brahms the creator, and the most deeply revealing on Brahms as man.

J. B. Priestley's "The Good Companions" has been awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for the best novel of 1929. This prize, and a similar one for a biography, were instituted by the late Mrs. Black in memory of her husband, who was a partner in the publishing house of A. and C. Black. The adjudicator is Professor Grierson, of Edinburgh University. A dramatized version of "The Good Companions" is to be produced in London early next year.

Eugene Ysaye, the celebrated Belgian violinist, has just finished a new musical drama, the words of which are in his native language, Flemish. The title in English is "Peter the Miner," and the first performance will be given in December at Liège.

The First Crisis

THE CRITICAL YEAR. A Study of Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction. By HOWARD K. BEALE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. BEALE has given us the best treatment of the first crisis of Reconstruction that has yet appeared. His well-written book is not so modest in scope as the title would indicate, for while its attention is centered primarily upon the events of the year 1866, it actually deals with all of our political history from Lincoln's assassination in April, 1865, to the beginning of 1867. It was during this period that President Johnson announced his very moderate plan of reconstruction, and attempted to carry it into effect; that Congress rejected it, debarred the South from representation in Congress, quarreled with Johnson, and brought forward its own plan of reconstruction, based upon the Fourteenth or civil rights amendment; and that the issue went to the country (or appeared to go to it) in the fall elections of 1866. As everyone knows, the electorate gave the radical leaders of Congress a decisive victory over Johnson. The Republicans obtained more than a two-thirds majority in both

A cartoon of William Archibald Spooner, by "Spy"
(*See page* 179)

houses, they were able to override Johnson's vetoes, and they took complete control of the processes of reconstruction—with tragic results. It is this decisive election and the events leading up to it which Mr. Beale studies in unprecedented detail.

The principal reason why various earlier writers have misinterpreted the situation in 1865-66 is that they have over-simplified it; historians like Rhodes have explained the occurrences of those years by painting Johnson and his supporters in excessively dark colors, while historians like Mr. Bowers have explained them by depicting the group which surrounded Thaddeus Stevens and Ben Wade as an utterly villainous gang. Mr. Beale's principal service to truth lies in his graphic exhibition of the real complexity of the struggle, his untangling of the manifold motives at work on both sides, and his emphasis upon the fact that commendation or blame should not be meted out to either except with caution and understanding. It is true that Johnson was a man of many defects and errors; but the author shows that it is not true that his incapacity as President was the primary cause of the popular rejection of all moderate plans for reconstruction. It is true, again, that Stevens, Wade, and Sumner were narrow, prejudiced, and harsh; but it is not true that it was the vindictive hatred of these men which was the principal cause of the maltreatment of the South. We must look deeper. Johnson was the victim, in the main, of a skilful campaign of misrepresentation and slander waged by his opponents, to the effect of which his faults merely contributed. As for these opponents, they were thinking not so much of crushing the South as of retaining political control at the North, and safeguarding their economic gains and privileges in that section.

In detail, Mr. Beale's book brings into clear relief a number of more or less original conclusions, some of which may be subject to modification but for all of which he adduces an impressive array of evidence. He shows, or attempts to show, that the policy of the Radical Congressmen was both subtler and more far-reaching than has been generally supposed. They were intent, as has long been understood, upon altering the very form of our government from one of the traditional checks and balances to one in which Congress should be supreme over both the President and the Supreme Court. To some extent the effort to reassert Congressional authority was a natural reaction against the practical dictatorship which Lincoln had exercised during the war. The balance had swung too far in one direction; now Congressional leaders tried to swing it too far in the other. But Congress was also determined—so Mr. Beale argues —to conserve and enlarge the advantages which Big Business had lately achieved. President Johnson, the South, and the Democratic party would undoubtedly have proved hostile to the high protective tariff, to railroad monopolies and huge land grants, to the rapid exploitation of mineral lands and other natural resources, and to retention of the existing tax system, which was unfair to the farmer and laborer. The new industrial forces of the North and East held control in Washington, and they wished to entrench themselves against any possible combination of Southern planters and Western farmers. They hence seized with avidity upon the Reconstruction issues. They used them, according to the author, to conceal their underlying economic aims. When the campaign of 1866 began, the Radicals adroitly avoided any discussion of the real facts about the South or the real issues of taxation and the tariff at the North. They filled the air with appeals to prejudice, delusive propaganda, and rhetoric. They won the election—but this election was not really a popular repudiation of Johnson's policy and a clear mandate for Congressional control of reconstruction. It did not truly register any national decision on these questions, for it was not fought out upon the issues but upon buncombe and blah.

The weakness of Mr. Beale's book lies in a certain over-emphasis upon economic motives. He can easily show that these selfish Northern politicians *ought*, by all the rules of the economic historians, to have been thinking of their tariff, their favorable internal revenue system, and their land grants, when they were dealing with the South. He cannot show that Stevens, Sumner, Wade, Butler, Boutwell, Logan, and the rest actually *did* so think. The probability is that they were actuated by political far more than by economic motives; that men like Sumner, Trumbull, and Schurz were really governed chiefly by their regard for the suffering negro, and men like Stevens and Butler by their war-born hatreds. The great strength of the volume lies in its calm, well-reasoned vindication of Johnson's principal acts, and in its graphic exposure of the dishonest nature of the Radical campaign of 1866. The Republican leaders set out systematically and unscrupulously to arouse the passions and touch the fears of the people. They employed every weapon of misrepresentation, prejudice, and slander, and when Johnson and the more violent Southerners played into their hands, they redoubled their efforts. In mendacity and claptrap the campaign came near equalling that which the Radicals and Vindictives of 1920 waged against the League of Nations—and its result had equally little relation to the calm good sense of the American people. Johnson, of whom the author gives an excellent portrait, saw through the election. It was perhaps because he saw through it that he advised the Southern States not to accept peace on the basis of the Fourteenth Amendment. This advice ushered in the second crisis of Reconstruction; and it is to be wished that Mr. Beale would write another volume dealing with it as thoroughly, freshly, and interestingly as he has done with the first.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces the following-named open competitive examination: Agricultural Writer (Radio). Applications must be on file with the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C., not later than October 22, 1930. Vacancies in the office of the Secretary, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. will be filled from this examination. Competitors will not be required to report for examination at any place, but will be rated on education and experience, specimens of writings for broadcasting or a publication, and on a practical test.

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Experiments with Truth

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the living consciousness of his people, as it is destined eventually to enter into the living consciousness of mankind." In an admirable passage he lays bare the secret of this astounding influence.

> If we would know the secret of Gandhi, we must "behold the man." In no leader of the race has the power of the spirit ever come to such utter singleness of expression as in this Indian. Nothing else avails to explain the matchless character of his influence. His person is stripped as naked of grace as his body of clothes. His physical presence is completely insignificant. His intellectual capacity, as compared with Tolstoy's, is meagre. Unlike Jesus, he commands no magic words. Unlike Mohammed, he has no consuming passion of temperament and will. Among religious leaders, he comes nearer to St. Francis, perhaps, than to any other; but even here he lacks that lovely esthetic sensibility, that native instinct of poetry and song, which blossoms with such immortal fragrance in the "Little Flowers.". . . A frail, puny, utterly unimportant-looking man is the Mahatma. But in this trivial lantern of the flesh, there burns a light that "never was on land or sea." His deep and lustrous eyes, his lovely smile, his utter clarity of mind, his gentleness and peace and unfailing compassion—these reveal at once the inner glory. The poverty of Gandhi's personality in every other respect serves but to isolate and thus make plain his essential quality of life. Other men can be explained by gifts of birth, or education, or personality, or intellect, or speech. Gandhi knows none of these things. Clothed upon with the frailest garment of fleshly incarnation ever known, the Mahatma walks among us as pure spirit.

This is well put; and is but one of many tributes from that of Sir Gilbert Murray, written nearly twenty years ago, "He is a dangerous and uncomfortable enemy, because his body, which you can always conquer, gives you so little purchase on his soul," to the recent wise-crack of Will Rogers, "Put the nut in jail." Both are also indictments of a system which makes of the stark idealist practicing the sermon on the Mount an enemy to be imprisoned. We need some "soul force" in the West. Surely Ramsay Macdonald can do better—even with the system he inherits. Meantime Asia is tired of waiting. It is as the spearhead of an Asiatic movement of ever-growing momentum that Gandhi is so staggering a figure. Nearly a billion Asiatics are questioning our Western ethics, our government in the interests of the rich, our exploitation of the poor, and Gandhi is their voice. As a lifelong champion of the poor he has seen the white man's prejudice and injustice in South Africa; and the cautious offer of Dominion status to India has come too late, because this leader, who has done his best to educate us all, finds that we in the West are not ready for coöperation with men of another color, that we are not ready to meet his acid tests as he proposes them to us, and that if India is to be regenerated it must be through her own courageous application of soul-force to all these problems.

* * *

The early life of such a man and his heredity are, then, of the greatest interest. Rarely has a story been so simply told, or with such insight into the great and moulding influences of early childhood. We see a shy and sensitive boy unquestioning in his obedience to parental authority, and in his reverence for the teachings of religion, yet making experiments in the interests of truth. He eats meat "because it makes Englishmen big," and smokes tobacco because he sees his uncle doing it, and because of the eternal duty of the young to rebel against imposed authority. The experiments are tragically successful, leading to nausea, nightmare, and even an attempt at suicide—so sensitive is the organism of this young seeker. The experiment of marriage is very frankly described with the childish interest in the wedding ceremony, when "two innocent children unwittingly hurled themselves into the ocean of life." They were then both thirteen, and while marriage at first seemed to imply nothing more than the prospect "of good clothes to wear, drums beating, marriage processions, rich dinners, and a strange girl to play with" it very soon developed into a real tyranny. "I took no time in assuming the authority of a husband." This leads to some fine and courageous writing about the subordination of the Hindu wife:

> A servant wrongly suspected may throw up his job, a son in the same case may leave his father's roof, and a friend may put an end to the friendship. The wife, if she suspects her husband, will keep quiet, but if the husband suspects her she is ruined. Where is she to go? A Hindu wife may not seek divorce in a law court. Law has no remedy for her, and I can never forget or forgive myself for having driven my wife to that desperation.

It is only when he learns the great lesson of continence, and realizes that the wife should be a companion and helpmeet that young Gandhi becomes unified in his mind. It is this unification, this singleness of eye with its intolerence of double standards, that best helps us to understand him. As Mr. Andrews says, truth and inner purity are, with loving-kindness, the tripod upon which this great life is built. These are the Indian ideals of *satya, brahmacharya,* and *ahimsa,* and they must be studied if this great and luminous soul is to be understood. Here and in Mr. Andrews's former work, "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas," there is ample matter for this study.

Here, too, we get glimpses of his religious upbringing as a *Vaishnavite,* with adherence also to the *Jain* religion; we read of the great influences of certain dramas emphasizing loyalty, devotion to truth, and sacrifices in its pursuit, and we see the soul of Gandhi in the making. He has the courage to touch the untouchable, and to make friends with Mohammedans; he enters brothels but draws back from the act of shame, he begins his great interest in questions of health and sickness, and his editor has fortunately spared us some of these discourses. For in this matter he is something of a crank, and the Indian edition is overcharged with his naïve excursions in the field of diet and medicine, often illuminating, but often also tedious to more sophisticated minds.

* * *

When we come to his experiences as a young law student in England, we see him "playing the English gentleman," looking into the teachings of Christianity, boggling at some of the Old Testament, we have some excellent reading.

> I read the book of Genesis, and the chapters that followed invariably sent me to sleep. . . . I plodded through the other books with much difficulty, and without the least interest or understanding. I disliked reading the book of Numbers. But the New Testament produced a different impression, especially the Sermon on the Mount, which went straight to my heart. I compared it with the *Gita.* The verses "But I say unto you that you resent not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also". . . delighted me beyond measure. My young mind tried to unify the teachings of the "Gita," the "Light of Asia," and the Sermon on the Mount. That renunciation was the highest form of religion appealed to me greatly.

He makes a thoughtful comparative study of religion, and reveals himself as an intuitive eclectic, until at the shrine of his mother, who had died while he was in England, he consecrates himself to a life of service. Then follows the great epic of the South African struggle—here abridged—which is well described by Dr. Holmes:

> Certain thousands of Gandhi's fellow-countrymen, brought to South Africa to do the menial labor of the land, were outlawed from justice, tortured by discriminative legislation, despised and spat upon by a so-called superior race, and thus visited with misery and threatened with death. In such a situation the downtrodden in other ages have either abjectly endured and died, or else have risen in mad revolt, and perished or escaped amid the horrors of struggle and slaughter. Gandhi, determined that his fellow-countrymen should not bow "like dumb, driven cattle" beneath the yoke of oppression, was equally determined that they should not plunge themselves and their oppressors into the agonies of violence and death. Out of the mystery of his own devoted and highly disciplined spirit, he found a better way. With a skill, patience, and heroism well-nigh unexampled, he took these thousands of ignorant, untrained, indentured laborers, sore oppressed in an alien land, and, by sheer power of personal example, welded them into a single body and instigated a non-resistant revolt which brought them, after years of struggle, the freedom they sought. Gandhi's first step was to teach his followers to have no part in the life of a society which denied them the elementary rights of men (non-coöperation). His next step was to discipline his followers to do no violence upon their oppressors—to suffer injury themselves, but to return no injury to others (Non-violence). And his last step was to lead his followers to the heroic achievement of serving their oppressors—helping them, coming to their relief and rescue, whenever they fell in need (Soul-force).

* * *

It is a pity that even a part of this great epic has to be omitted for the lack of space, but Mr. Andrews promises us a separate volume dealing with this all-important era in modern history; and when we pass to his triumphant return to India in 1913, and see him at the feet of Gokhale, that great and constructive servant of India, and with all India looking to him for leadership, we have a further stage in his initiation into politics. This last part of the book is the most detailed, and introduces us to scenes more familiar because more recent, and on a vaster scale. We see him continuing his fight for the rights of Indians in the British Dominions, returning to South Africa, recruiting laborers and even fighting-men for the Allied Armies (for his adherence to the caste-system is at war with pacifism) and gradually disillusioned as the promises of wartime England are marred by the tragedy of Amritsar and the follies of the Treaty of Sèvres. He now makes common cause with the Mohammedans, rather naïvely expecting them to respect the cow in return, and begins his great fivefold program for the unification and salvation of India. This program is the raising of sixty million untouchables into the caste system, which he accepts, the building of a bridge between Hindus and Mohammedans, and between men and women, a drastic prohibition campaign, and the spinning-wheel as a remedy for India's poverty, a symbol of her unity, and a very heavy scourge for the backs of the British. All this is clearly and objectively told, and the Mahatma stands out as a great and practical social reformer, who does all this in the pursuit of the realization of truth, or of salvation. His manifold activities are the by-products of his religious quest, and in dealing day by day honestly and fearlessly with concrete problems as they arise he has evolved a magnificent philosophy of life and a heart-searching religious idealism which is very far from spent. His acid tests to government are nearly always realistic and sane; some of them have been nobly met, and it is a tragedy that the proposal for Dominion status has come ten years too late. We Anglo-Saxons are nearly always confident of muddling through at the eleventh hour; that we have exhausted the patience of this patient and saintly leader is tragedy and also nemesis. He likes Englishmen, as many Englishmen admire and respect him—but he sees clearly that only economic pressure will awake them to juster standards. Like another Asiatic prophet he says: "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,"—which is what we all try to do.

* * *

The book rises to a noble climax, so typical that it may be quoted in part:

> It is not without a wrench that I have to take leave. I set a high value on these experiments. I do not know whether I have been able to do justice to them. I can only say that I have spared no pains to give a faithful narrative. To describe Truth, as it has appeared to me and in the exact manner in which I have arrived at it, has been my ceaseless effort. The exercise has given me ineffable mental peace because it has been my fond hope that it might bring faith in Truth and Ahimsa to waverers.
>
> My uniform experience has convinced me that there is no other God than Truth. And if every page of these chapters does not proclaim that the only means for the realization of Truth is Ahimsa, I shall deem all my pains in writing these chapters to have been in vain. And even though my efforts in this behalf might prove fruitless, it is the vehicle, not the great principle, that is at fault. After all, however sincere my strivings after Ahimsa might have been, they have still been imperfect and inadequate. The little fleeting glimpses, therefore, that I have been able to obtain of Truth can hardly convey an idea of its indescribable lustre, a million times more intense than that of the sun we daily see with our eyes. In fact what I have caught is only the faintest gleam of that mighty Effulgence. But this much I can say, with assurance, as a result of all my experiments, that a perfect vision of Truth can only follow a complete realization of Ahimsa.
>
> To see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of Truth face to face one must be able to love the meanest of creation as oneself. And a man who aspires after that cannot afford to keep out of any field of life. That is why my devotion to truth has drawn me into the field of politics; and I can say without the slightest hesitation and yet in all humility, that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means.

Writing of Hazlitt's tomb in the church yard of St. Anne's church, Soho, a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "The gravestone, which has a turgid and pugnacious inscription, that cannot be read owing to the plants around it, is enclosed by a very ugly little Victorian cast-iron railing which accords ill with the resting place of an artist and a man of taste."

The Saturday Review of Literature

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In a Sussex Rectory

SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

IF more novelists would write about what they know instead of about what they think modern fiction might be considerably more intelligent than it is. Sheila Kaye-Smith draws her inspiration from the English countryside and the life that she knows there. She has never wandered far from the downs of her native Sussex, but in that microcosm she has discovered and portrayed an infinite variety of human nature; and everything that she has written has distinction of both thought and style.

With the present volume the author is on thoroughly familiar ground. Indeed, one may perhaps be permitted to read into the story some autobiographic echoes of the controversy over high Anglican practices that perennially vexes the Church of England; for it must be remembered that Sheila Kaye-Smith and her husband occupied a Sussex rectory before they left the Anglican communion for the Roman Catholic. At any rate the author is thoroughly at home in the details of ecclesiastical controversy and writes with sympathy and subtle humor of the vexations which high Anglican clergymen and broad-church bishops continually inflict upon each other.

On the purely technical side "Shepherds in Sackcloth" is a rather masterly achievement by reason of the skilful weaving together of plot and sub-plot. The main story revolves around the characters of old Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, a country rector and his wife, and the rector's struggle to be, in the high Anglican sense, and despite episcopal injunctions, a true shepherd of his flock. Two more human and lovable characters than these old people have not appeared in recent fiction. The other shepherd of the story, and the hero of the tragic love theme, is of very different calibre from the cultured old Oxford scholar in the rectory—a strange, uneducated egoist who feels the call to save souls as a strolling evangelist and is himself so smugly sure of salvation that he falls an easy victim to the lure of the flesh. It is a really superb piece of tragic irony that at the end of his span, bereft of his old wife and exhausted by futile struggles with his bishop, the old rector seizes desperately upon the soul of this weird evangelist, which he had rescued from the torments of self-accusation, to offer to God as the justification of his shepherd's calling. This is a powerful, fascinating, and thoroughly sincere story, distinguished by the author's customary skill in the delineation of character and by a high degree of literary craftsmanship. It serves to confirm Sheila Kaye-Smith's position in the very front rank of the younger English novelists.

Iridescent Tales

GOODS AND CHATTELS. By LAURA BENÉT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ONE hesitates to write about the tales of Laura Benét. There is in them an evanescent quality that defies analysis and threatens disaster to heavy-handed paraphrase. Herself a master of figurative accuracy, she leads the hapless reviewer into unconscious and unsuccessful simile and makeshift metaphor. It is as if, unable always to tell what these tales actually *are*, one tries with equal vainess to tell what they are *like*. They are likened to the momentary beauty of irridescent bubbles, to the salt and gleaming pattern of sea spray: but they remain themselves and undescribed.

In "Goods and Chattels" there are fifteen stories. The one that gives the title to the volume has the eerie undertheme that gives to so many of Miss Benét's tales the sense of things and forces not understood, of secret rules and laws that have their way in human life but leave no trace upon its surface. Arthur Machen and Algernon Blackwood are preoccupied with this same dark potency but they observe it in its most sinister form: Miss Benét approaches it and converts it to her more light-hearted uses. In "Goods and Chattels" (the story) an old auctioneer sails away from New England with a few of his treasures in furniture. Much later he sails back with a strange cargo, odd and old and malformed human beings whom he auctions off. But it would not be fair to tell the whole story, if one could, that ends with the breaking of the lovely and mysterious blue vase.

"Never Rent Eyes" is delight in brief. Alice Sprague by happy chance stumbles upon an eye museum one day. The old keeper of the eyes asks her if she cares to rent new ones. Of course she does, for her own have for many years seen only petty things near-lying. She is both repelled and attracted by a certain gray wall-eye that swims about in the eye aquarium and she is at difficulty to decide among the flashing black, green, and brown possibilities, but at last, having dark eyes herself, she decides upon a dreamy, extremely blue one lying on the table. Mrs. Sprague returns home and shocks the neighbors. Where is now the thrifty housewife? All agree that Alice Sprague is a changed woman—they even suspect her of writing verses and seeing visions. And worse than this, worse even than the weeds in the vegetable garden, is Alice's secret and absorbing wish. She wants to get the wall-eye and give it to her husband for a birthday present and to watch results. The wish, with a little guile and manoeuvering, is father to the act. And the result? "The little town reached a high point of crime during the following week. Both banks are robbed, several prominent citizens gagged and bound in their own houses, and one old lady asphyxiated in the bath tub where she napped." Never rent eyes!

Others of the tales are less successful. "The Wind that Worked Itself Up," "The Lake and the Mountain," and "Always Keep a Butterfly" seem a little forced. They have a touch of heaviness and lack the sharp humor that keeps most of Miss Benét's prose so gratifyingly free from the sentimentality that has unfortunately come to be associated with fantasy.

Something of the flavor of the stories, both sweet and stringent, can be gained from a few of the characteristic figures of speech that snap back at one surprise endings like those of the early stories of O. Henry.

A mouth as tight as a purse that shuts forever on too little money.

She walked as fiercely to the store for the purchase of her one pound of sausage as if the sausages had been infuriated little dogs chasing her.

A house with little pointed gables like cat's ears.

The village, like a long legged girl, ran out towards the fields.

And who but Laura Benét would say of one who died, that he "went along the primrose way?"

How the War Was Won

THE CAVALRY GOES THROUGH! By BERNARD NEWMAN. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1930. $2.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER. By VERNON BARTLETT. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by EMERSON TAYLOR

MR. BERNARD NEWMAN, serving creditably with the British forces mired in Flanders, undergoing all the familiar hardships, perils, and tedium of trench warfare, dreamed of a war fought by truly perfect troops, led by an authentic military genius to quick and resounding victory. Sickened by the selfishness of the politicians at home and G. H. Q., disgusted by the incompetence and timidity of the many old women and thick-headed dullards he met decked out in the trappings of British colonels and brigadiers, he pictured a general of such imagination, courage, and magnetism as could sweep away military tradition and fetish, and inspire a splendidly trained army to deeds of incredible heroism and brilliant audacity. Out of these fancies he builds this tale of how the great war was won by the Allies in 1917, before the Americans took part, when a modern and greater Napoleon appeared out of Africa to break the stupid deadlock on the western front. If the book is utterly fantastic judged from the military angle, it is very interesting as revealing the disillusion and dismay which chilled the spirits of thousands of thoughtful British soldiers, once they discovered the crass professional incapacity of their officers. It is enlivened by sketches, often malicious, of such leaders as Haig, Foch, Joffre, Nivelle, and Plumer.

A very similar attitude is that of Mr. Bartlett, whose name is well known already as co-author, with R. C. Sheriff, of "Journey's End." His account of warfare, however like that set down by Mr. Newman in its essentials, differs from it in being steeped in the dankest of unrelieved gloom. The book is just one more item on the long list of British horror tales, for which Gibbs set the fashion with his "Now It Can Be Told." Obsessed with the desire to depict war as dreadful in the sufferings which it entails on the soldier, and as futile as a means of settling disputes between nations, the author drags the reader through 329 pages of "mud, monotony, and misery," only pausing to insist on such macabre and painfully sentimental incidents as are intended to make the reader shudder or shed tears. A great book, if you like that sort of thing. But the spirit which animates it is not that which built the British Empire.

Bootlegger's Daughter

MIRTHFUL HAVEN. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARSHALL A. BEST

MR. TARKINGTON comes nearer than any other writer to expressing the tastes and standards of the vast numbers of self-respecting, householding, lecture-going, married Americans who determine American culture today. They are less noisy than other groups, but they are spread out over the length and breadth of the land. The West Coast outside of Hollywood is in their hands, as are all the prosperous towns of the Middle West; and though their *New Yorker*-reading cousins may scoff at them, they rub elbows with them on every commuters' train and at every performance of the Opera. Their imaginations know definite bounds, but they have a streak of the romantic in them which is a token of their youth. They are above Mr. Lewis's Babbitt, and farther removed from the new barbarians on one side than they are from the "intellectuals" on the other. Yet they are not unconscious of the life around them, nor as smug as their critics make them out to be. It is for this glimmering consciousness that Mr. Tarkington writes his treaties on democracy, and for that streak of the romantic that he creates his appealing heroines and the tender melodrama of his plots.

In "Mirthful Haven," as in such books as "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "The Plutocrat," the author's preoccupation is not with character but with social distinctions. This time his class war is between the close-mouthed Yankee inhabitants of a stagnant Maine fishing port, and the city invaders who bring it new life in choosing it for a summer place. The "natives" are one in their dislike for the intruder and their desire to get his dollars, though their own ranks are divided for and against the ancient but rather dishonorable Pelter family. Edna Pelter, the Cinderella of the story, brings the contention to a point in herself. She returns to Mirthful Haven after being educated by a distant grandmother, and meets there a scion of the leading summer family, who had known her as Edna Stillpool during her absence and is still in love with her. Her efforts to maintain her dual role with loyalty to her two loves, her rum-running father and the rich young man, provides a plot that would do credit to the best writer of thrillers. Edna has all the elusive, inarticulate charm that one could ask of a bootlegger's daughter lifted out of her home at the age of fifteen and thrust among gentry. The other characters, too, have the virtue of being likable. The author's benevolent humor embraces their lesser faults and ignores any greater ones; the insolent villains in the wealthy homes are treated no more nor less mercifully than the villagers who connive against them. In the end it proves to be a story of virtue misjudged and defeated by its self-righteous superiors, but finding its own rewards at last nearer home.

It must be confessed that this reviewer has suffered a loss of illusion about Booth Tarkington. The memory of Penrod and Willie Baxter still brings a cheerful glow; Alice Adams lingers wistfully, and books like "The Turmoil" and "The Midlanders" still seem to have had a true value in their comments on life and manners. But thirty years of authorship have brought Mr. Tarkington no nearer to the realities of character than he was at the beginning, and his view of society has not progressed beyond the observant, but not too profound, formula that a good many people have been reiterating for a good many years. These are ideas that can be read and relished once, but pall as one grows progressively more aware of them. Perhaps fresh generations of readers will find the original charm in this later book. The plot and characters demand a rather liberal receptiveness to illusion. Once the illusion is accepted, one can see how the conflicts of groups and individuals might have a compelling interest. Without it, one can only admire the skilful mechanics and regret the gracelessness of style and shabbiness of material.

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Skidding on Sex

WHITHER, WHITHER, or AFTER SEX WHAT? Edited by SLATER BROWN. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THIS book is a $2 book and to my notion it is worth $2.27 of anybody's money, the seven or eight pages by Edmund Wilson—"Gorgonzola: or the Future of Literary Criticism"—being worth $2, Bill Gropper's illustrations being worth twenty-five cents and the rest of the book worth all of two cents. As far as I am concerned the book is "Gorgonzola," as grand a piece of jolly nonsense as ever got printed, and the rest of the book a binding for that.

I am an embittered old professional humorist, and bilious when I see young fellows get into book print. Or perhaps I am a dumb ox. Blame anything you want to blame, but to me the big truth in this book was Robert M. Coates's statement on page 139: "There comes at some time in every man's life a sense of bewildered futility—" That's what 271 pages of this "Whither, Whither" book gave me. The more pages I sweated through the more bewildered my senses got, and about half way through the book I felt like a poor old cow bogged down in a welsh-rabbit slough, all mooed out and so full of bewildered futility that she oozed it.

The sub-sub-title of the book is "A Symposium to End Symposiums" and as that it ought to be a success, if anything ever can end symposiums. Every author included—twelve of them—has done the best he could, and there are a lot of smart things said, but the whole effect is Greenwich Villageois and a little on the order of small kids being smarty-naughty. The truth is that Sex is as played out as a stock humor subject as the mother-in-law and the can-eating goat, and it is a cruel punishment to make a lot of authors try to be smart about it.

It is too bad. It is a beautiful book physically. Everything possible has been done to make it interesting—Questions for Students and Brief Biographies, in burlesque, after each contribution; clever illustrations; pictorial end-papers; snappy jacket; beautiful printing and lay-out—but Sex sinks it. Even Corey Ford, who is always a safe bet, skids on Sex and falls on his neck this time.

My advice to anyone who likes humor is to buy the book and glue up all the pages in front of "Gorgonzola" and all the pages following it. The book would still be worth two dollars of any humor-lover's cash, and the reader would avoid that "sense of bewildered futility" which, as Mr. Coates further says, comes as "at some dark hour a realization of the hopelessness of fate,"—the fate of those who have to read humor that is not quite funny. God pity the poor humorists who have to write about Sex on a night like this!

Out of the Past

PRIVATE LETTERS: Pagan and Christian. Selected by DOROTHY BROOKE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

THIS anthology of Greek and Roman private letters from the fifth century before Christ to the fifth century after Christ both creates and supplies a demand. Even if we have not reached out for it, we no sooner find it within our hands than we are conscious of a previous lack in our intimacy with the classical past. And on reading the letters we realize that Mrs. Brooke's selection has admirably bridged over the gap between formal literature and daily life. The translations are by well-known scholars.

All that needs to be said about ancient letter writing is well said in the Introduction. It was a popular mode of expression, running the gamut from real to artificial or, rather, literary spontaneity. At no time in antiquity could letters be of as trifling importance as they may be in this age of cheap paper, low postage, typewriters, and rapid transit. But "at certain times, especially in the Roman Age, letter writing was almost a disease." Men wrote to each other with an eye on posterity. Letters of this character are eliminated as far as possible from Mrs. Brooke's anthology. "A letter written to be kept," she says, "is seldom worth keeping at all, just as the things best worth knowing about people are the things they do not want us to know."

This *obiter dictum* needs some revision and the anthologist practically implies it by some of her inclusions. Certain famous letters, long valued by posterity, could not be omitted without mutilating a collection which spans a millennium of history. Such are Pliny's letter to Tacitus, describing the death of his uncle, Pliny the elder, in the eruption of Vesuvius which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum; and his letter to the emperor Trajan, applying for advice on the proper treatment of Christians. Such also is Paul's letter to Philemon, taken from the New Testament.

But among the "Letters from the Saints" there are also uncanonical examples of pleasantly carnal appetites. Saint Ambrose thanks his friend Felix, Bishop of Como, for a present of mushrooms, and Saint Paulinus of Nola has a new cook introduced to him. But it should be explained this was necessitated by the good man's too simple tastes. All his cooks became bored and gave notice, so a priest sent him a lad from his own kitchen, who would be willing to cook the innocuous bean and dress the modest beetroot in vinegar. And among Pliny's letters—to counteract his official character—is quoted one to his wife, Calpurnia, away from home for her health, and one to his mother-in-law. A charming lover and a courteous gentleman was Pliny, in spite of his rather pompous conscientiousness. I am glad that Mrs. Brooke does him justice.

A human side to greatness is revealed in letters from Marcus Aurelius to his master, Fronto. That the austere protagonist of Stoicism could have a cold in the head and a sniffling nose is somehow a consoling message over the centuries—a sneeze that makes the whole world kin. And the fact that his mother sat on his bed and talked with him at night softens a youth forced into premature gravity.

But it is the letters from obscure and simple folk that Mrs. Brooke likes best and twines with special charm into her anthology. The earliest extant Greek letter is from a certain traveling Musiergus who writes to his family to send him "a rug, either a sheepskin or goatskin, as cheap as you can get it, and not with the hairs on, and some strong shoe soles." He also "sends his love to all at home and hopes this may find them well as it leaves him."

> Born into life! 'Tis we,
> And not the world, are new!

These ancient letters poignantly confirm this haunting cry.

Which Way to Culture?

THE AMERICAN ROAD TO CULTURE. By GEORGE S. COUNTS. New York: John Day. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. C. LITTLE

Ex-President, University of Michigan

IS there really any American road to culture? The title of Doctor Count's book leads one to expect that there is. His clear and impersonal analysis of the situation, however, frankly leaves one in doubt as to whether there is any intellectual path or course of sufficient definiteness in modern America to deserve the name of "road."

Such "culture" as we apparently seek is bound up with naïvely utilitarian motivations as individual success, national solidarity, social conformity, mechanical efficiency, and practical utility. To combat such influences we have three trumpets of very uncertain sound: faith in education, which obviously may itself be based on practical values; democratic tradition, which easily can be confused with a desire on the part of all people to have a finger in every possible pie; and philosophic uncertainty, which might readily be the result of intellectual and moral laziness and shallowness rather than the reflection of a mature broadmindedness.

The American road to culture is then perhaps a pathless sort of swamp which is full of scrub oak and dried grass confused and tangled in an intellectual morass of its own making. It would follow that the culture of America may be based on false standards and transitory values—in which view the author probably shares since nowhere does he clearly define the term.

Throughout his analysis the author is kindly, tolerant, and dispassionate. If the "booster" type of American will read the book as fairly as it is written, he will profit by the realization of the bitter poverty of our national idealism. He may, however, merely derive placid satisfaction in the feeling of safety that the sheer mass and inertia of our public educational system engenders.

To the average American, as defined by the book itself, it will prove beneficial because it will do a bit of badly needed clear thinking in a readable and not too startling way. To the idealist and progressive thinker whether in or out of the field of education it will serve as a well-stated warning of the difficulties and discouragements to progress which a gigantic, machine-like, uninspired democracy always provides. He may, however, gain a few shreds of comfort from the evidence that in spite of the complicated "overhead" designed to preserve the existing order, there are unmistakable signs of uncertainty and change creeping in here and there. Between the lines he may find traces of the steadily growing interest on the part of educators in various efforts to distinguish between the equipment given to the individual scholar by heredity on the one hand, and the effects of training superimposed upon that foundation on the other. Somewhat similarly he may discern the increasing isolation and consequent unimportance of the sectarian educational institutions in so far as shaping policies towards progress is concerned. Teachers and citizens who need a convenient book of reference to help in an interpretation of the social background of our system of education will also profit by keeping a copy of Doctor Count's book at hand.

Taken as a whole the volume is a distinct contribution to the analysis of American education. It is moreover, sufficiently the product of a mature and balanced intellect to provide an aid in clearing the general field for such synthesis and progress as the future may be able to achieve.

But First I Saw Them Live

By MARION CANBY

NOW I can meet the fear of death
Without one intercepted breath—
I count it good
That I have gained such hardihood,
That I have reached a stouter truth
Than hope or youth.
Yet even as a child I knew
Security could not be true:
Spring gave way to freshets and
Young leaves died on every hand;
The stream that fondled trillium on its borders,
Snowy with light,
Fell like a wolf on innocent flowers at night,
And when day came young rivers out of orders
Leapt at my feet until I ran
To little hills. So terror began—
And now that I am grown
It seems that I have known
Always an unrelenting thought
In which my very life is caught:
O, not the universe alone
Bares its body to the bone;
The fatal arrow knows its part
And seeks a heart—
Have I not seen my own
Loves quiescent as stone?
But first I saw them live.

Live! There's a word to give
The lie to negative,
The dirk to death—
Its very sound is like an anvil's ring!
What can a state inhuman
Mean to man or woman?
Did ever bird fly up without a wing?
What man has walked a mile without his breath?
No man can image forth such vital loss—
Instead, he hangs a saviour on a cross.

At delicate dawn I mounted up the hill,
Clambering until I came upon a sharp
Drop into bay-blue sky that held the world
Floating, quiet as a ship with all sails furled;
And there the blue-eyed wind stood strumming on
his harp.

I will no longer speak of death!
Nor could I if I would. The beauty of that pristine
hill
Intercepts my breath.

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The Bowling Green

Round the Mulberry Bush

(Memoranda from a Shakespeare Notebook)

THE first recorded information about Shakespeare's father was when he was fined for keeping a rubbish heap in the public street. Most of the Shakespeare commentators have done the same thing.

Shakespeare senior, however, mended his ways and became the official ale-taster for the town.

* * *

The most conspicuous American tribute to Shakespeare in Stratford-upon-Avon is the drinking fountain given by George W. Childs of Philadelphia. It bears an inscription in praise of water, quoted from a play that Shakespeare wrote only a little of. It is now not much used except by horses. The inhabitants of Stratford when thirsty eat small paper cups of ice-cream which come down daily from a factory in Birmingham. They are called, in truly Shakespearean spelling, Ice Cream Kups.

* * *

When Shakespeare became prosperous he bought a large house in Stratford. In the garden he planted a mulberry bush, round which the editors have been dancing ever since. The thing to be done to a mulberry bush, however, is not to dance round it but to enjoy its fruit.

A scion of Shakespeare's mulberry still grows in that garden, and its large purple berries are of an incomparable sweetness.

* * *

In the 18th century Shakespeare's big house ("New Place") passed into the ownership of a parson from Cheshire. He became so annoyed by constant callers arriving to see the room in which Shakespeare died that he tore the house down altogether. Nothing remains of it but some brickwork of Shakespeare's wine cellar.

* * *

One of the most interesting things in Stratford—not discovered until 1927— is the wall-painting in the White Swan inn. It was done about the time of Shakespeare's birth and is in the main parlor of the inn, where he very likely had an occasional cup of wine. There is much fakery of old beans in the room now, but the wall paintings are genuine. They illustrate the story of the Big Fish in the Book of Tobit (in the Apocrypha). So continues, as always, the delicious overtone of ironical mirth characteristic of all Shakespeare legend and research. How it would have enchanted him if he could have known about it.

* * *

Visiting the church at Stratford one very hot morning last summer, I noticed that the big Bible on the lectern was open at 2nd Corinthians chapters VIII to X; and the verses that my eye caught were these:—

VIII, 12:—*If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted.*

X, 10:—*For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible.*

Looking over the Visitors' Book in the church—surely one of the most amazing documents in the world—I did not help thinking, What a mailing list for a publisher.

* * *

The most interesting epitaph in the church is not Shakespeare's but that of his daughter Susanna, who died in 1649, fourteen years after her husband the moralizing medico Dr. John Hall:—

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholy of Him with whom she's now in bliss.

Shakespeare's anxiety about having his own dust dug into was apparently not without reason, for Susanna's grave was opened in 1707 to put a stranger into it, and her epitaph erased from the stone. (It was restored in 1844.) One may presume that Shakespeare had more than once observed, in that churchyard, just such a scene as the grave-digging episode in Hamlet.

* * *

It is odd that in 1579 a girl called Katharine Hamlet, going to the river to draw a pail of water, slipped into the Avon and was drowned. This happened just about where the Stratford town bathing-place now is, and where a launch called *George Washington* takes tourists up and down the stream. It is probable that Shakespeare had poor Katharine Hamlet in mind when he described Ophelia's death; the description of the scenery is exact. And anyone who has bathed in the Avon on a hot summer afternoon, when the meadow is parked thick with bikes and Baby Austins and the young ducks and hoydens of the town are throng in the stream, knows the slidder mire of the banks. Ophelia's death was described as "muddy." He knew his Avon. There are "weedy trophies" in it now, during the warm picnic season—not so much "crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples" as banana skins and orange peels. But Katharine Hamlet, if she went there now, would be able to swim.

To find the sort of bathing Shakespeare knew (if he bathed) you should go to the immortal Parsons' Pleasure at Oxford, which is exempt from public haunt. There, in a hot forenoon last August, was a delightful bronzed parson, walking to and fro on the grassy bank wearing only a panama hat and sunshine, serenely conning his breviary.

* * *

The story of Shakespeare and humanity's subsequent dealings with him has no easy consolations for the observant mind. It involves study of the inward quality of the genius-temperament, which requires intuition rather than documents and is likely to dismay the family of Grundy. The world tried to dispose of Shakespeare comfortably by turning him over to teachers and troupers, both classes of people adorably juvenile in their notions. There is a gorgeous hypocrisy in the universal lip-service to Shakespeare: we are always safe in praising him because we know that few mature minds ever read him. The comments on him that are most worth listening to have been uttered by those who have known something of the same kind of green-room and tap-room life that he himself led. The most understanding bit of Shakespearean criticism I ever read was Don Marquis's humorous interview with the imagined Mermaid Tavern parrot. You can find it in that grand book *archy and mehitabel.*

* * *

One thing it is hard to forgive Shakespeare. When much vexed he used the epithet "lousy;" it seems to have been a favorite in the theatre ever since.

* * *

Among the oddities of Shakespearean scholars is a conviction that Heminge and Condell, Shakespeare's friends and fellow-actors, were incapable of writing the preface to the Folio of 1623, which they signed. I see no reason to conclude that it was written for them by Ben Jonson. One of the Shakespeare association-places most worth visiting is the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury (London, E. C.) where they are buried. This, as the president of the Brothers' Club in London has remarked, is the true Publishers' Shrine. I know several boblishers who claim to have invented the Omnibus Book, but the first and most important Omnibus Book in the world was the First Folio.

Incidentally, should not the grave of Edmund Shakespeare, Will's youngest brother, if still discoverable at St. Saviour's, Southwark, be the authoritative rendezvous of the Brothers' Club?

* * *

The monument to Heminge and Condell is inscribed as follows:— "They lived many years in this parish and are buried here. To their disinterested affection the world owes all that it calls Shakespeare. They alone collected his writings regardless of pecuniary loss and without hope of any profit gave them to the world. They Thus Merited the Gratitude of Mankind."

The matter of possible pecuniary loss was serious, for we learn from the monument that Heminge had 14 children and Condell 9.

A facsimile of the First Folio is carved in the stone, and their own words are quoted:—

"We have but collected them and done an office to the dead . . . without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame; onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare."

* * *

Shakespeare's grave was dug seventeen feet deep; but the commentators have buried him deeper still.

* * *

The casual reader need not be too humble about Shakespeare; everyone is a Shakespearean scholar unawares. You have probably quoted him today. If you said that the wish was father to the thought, more sinned against than sinning, as sound as a bell, comparisons are odorous, care killed a cat, rich not gaudy, more in sorrow than in anger, method in his madness, there's the rub, doth protest too much, brevity is the soul of wit—yes, even if you spoke (I paraphrase) of the heir of a female dog, or told someone to "laugh that off," you quoted Shakespeare. If his words are so serviceable, there must be something of him in us, as there was much of us in him.

* * *

Doubts as to Shakespeare's authorship, if I read the books correctly, were first raised by a United States consul in the rum-drinking port of Santa Cruz. Presumably he found (like the consuls in O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*) his official duties left much time vacant on his mind. His motion was seconded by a lady, Miss Delia Bacon, who inveigled Hawthorne into writing a preface for her book; and then the fun began. Miss Bacon, incidentally, died *non compos.*

* * *

The only extant specimens of Shakespeare's handwriting which have not been disputed are some half dozen signatures (of which 3 are on his will.) They seem to give some corroboration to the theory that the cause of his retirement to Stratford about 1611 was not Weltschmerz but writers' cramp.

* * *

We don't know how to spell his name (nor did he); we don't know certainly what he looked like; there are even some who profess to be in doubt of his sex. Like a wise man, he kept his secrets in the best way possible—by confiding in no one except the Public. The greatest proof of his genius surely was his instinct of personal evasion. He gave no hostages to idle curiosity. He has been compared to everyone, from God (see Dumas père) to Edgar Guest (see Ernest Boyd.) All these comparisons are just. The kind of people who most eagerly assert their desire to understand him would be sadly scandalized if they did. Fortunately most of his jokes are incomprehensible to the green reader. And all the time, good easy man, his greatness was a-ripening. Perhaps it was Aubrey, the snapper-up of anecdotes, who said it most helpfully: "daily he gathered the humours of men."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Of the late Dr. William Archibald Spooner, legendary source of a form of verbal humor which has long enjoyed popular vogue, a caricature of whom appears on another page, the London *Observer,* says:

"Dr. Spooner held the Wardenship of New College from 1903 till 1924. His published works include an edition of the 'Histories of Tacitus,' and lives of Bishop Butler and William of Wykeham.

"The fashion of ascribing all 'spoonerisms' to the late Warden is believed to have arisen from a single lapse of the kind, of which, in later life, he made confession. According to one of his contemporaries, it occurred in the conduct of a college service in 1879.

* * *

He stood up in the pulpit to announce a hymn. He gave it out as "Kinkering kongs their titles take." There was a hush, and the doctor calmly repeated his slip. I am afraid that we all burst into laughter. I think the doctor then saw his mistake. It was the talk of Oxford in those days, and we used to spend hours in inventing "Spoonerisms." I collaborated with a friend who afterwards became the Rev. Arthur Sharp, and it was he who brought out a book of Spoonerisms.

"The possibilities of this form of verbal perversions were quickly and widely realized, and the specimens which have passed into circulation are to be numbered by hundreds. The doctor was said to have spent a whole day in looking for a public-house named 'The Dull Man' at Greenwich, when the place he really wanted was the 'Green Man' at Dulwich. The inventors made him speak of going from London to Oxford by the 'town drain,' of 'a camel passing through the knee of an idol,' of his wife 'stealing at the doors,' of feeling ' a half-warmed fish rising in his breast,' of the cat 'popping on its drawers,' of 'occupewing his pie,' of being 'tired of addressing beery wrenches,' and of its being 'kistomary to cuss the bride.'

"The Oxford Dictionary gives, as specimens of what constitutes a 'spoonerism,' the phrases 'a blushing crow' and 'a well-boiled icicle.' An example often quoted elsewhere was the saying that the only requisites for a railway journey were 'a rag and a bug.' "

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Books of Special Interest

Der Alte Kaiser

FREDERICK THE GREAT. By WERNER HEGEMANN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $5.

FREDERICK THE GREAT. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. New York: Charles Boni. 1930. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

IN 1924, a rather formidable looking pamphlet appeared in Germany. It bore the innocent title, "Frederick the Great." If one is to believe reports, this pamphlet took Berlin by storm. It purported to be history, but it was fantastic, controversial, political, and biased. The author, Mr. Werner Hegemann, who had had considerable experience in America, desired to present to the German public a modern analysis of Frederick the Great. He summoned *der alte Fritz*, Carlyle, and other writers from their tombs in order to teach the present day a lesson. In his opinion, the matter of Frederick was "a question of international and of high moral significance for the whole world," but, perhaps, most of all, for the new democratic Germany.

Mr. Hegemann saw that, in 1924, there were still "many romantic lovers of fine gestures and bloody deeds." To them the Hohenzollern modesty of 1918 had been a great shock, but, even that act, so painful to their romantic instincts, had not destroyed their belief in the benefit that the House of Hohenzollern had been to Germany. Such a state of affairs must not continue, these followers of old traditions should be told the truth. "Kingship," Mr. Hegemann wrote,

> will survive among the German people, publicly or privately, so long as they retain their belief in their "Great King" . . Frederick the Great, who rarely uttered truths without a touch of mockery, occasionally jested at the fact that he was not only king, but also supreme head of the church and pontiff of his provinces. So long as his Prussians believe him or his descendants or his spiritual kinsmen to be worthy in the highest sense of this extensive power, the monarchy stands secure in the heart of Germany, even though the fatherland should suffer ruin in consequence.

Here, then, is a new and Teutonic attempt at "debunking" a great historical figure. But being Teutonic, there is, of course, a high purpose. Rescue the fatherland. "Our ship is in danger; our ship must be saved." And, truly, it is a spectacular, astonishing, and interesting attempt at rescue that we have before our eyes!

Mr. Hegemann does not allow himself, in the first person, to give the good reputation of Frederick II the final *coup de grace*. Instead, he selects a fictitious and remarkable character, one Manfred Ellis, son of a native New York business man and an Austrian noble lady. To cap the climax, Mr. Ellis's American home is in Boston, where he settled after a varied education at "an American University," at a German Gymnasium, and at Vienna, and Paris. In Europe, Manfred Ellis is honored and listened to. At present, who, in Europe, does not listen with respect to a man who is, at one and the same time, a Bostonian, a financier, and a collector? Coming from Boston, he must be the heir of all the best that America has produced in intelligence, judgment, and democracy. And so, while Mr. Ellis dogmatizes to his continental friends to a degree that would have led his American listeners to do violence, his remarks are accepted meekly by Mr. Hegemann (who figures prominently in the book), by Thomas Mann, Georges Brandes, and even Lytton Strachey!

These discourses (Mr. Hegemann modestly calls them "conversations") take place at the Villa Boccanera in Naples whither Manfred Ellis has come "in order to enjoy the neighborhood of Benedetto Croce and the society of various old friends." There, in his villa with its splendid library, he entertains the great and teaches them what he has learned, from his researches, about Frederick the Great. (In parenthesis, it may be remarked that, to judge from the notes, Mr. Ellis has read a great deal, but he shows a decided penchant for the information given by the none too reliable Marquis de Lucchesini.) Mr. Ellis has read his Goethe and all about Goethe. He loves and respects him, and he quotes at length the anecdotes of Goethe and Frederick. He denies that the King was an intelligent patron of the arts. Among other things, he condemns his so-called educational policy and declares that the ruler of Prussia was the founder of an abominable gymnasium system under which poor Mr. Ellis suffered later. Mr. Ellis is quite câlé in the history of music. He admits that the King was famous as a flute player but opines that he never gave Gluck a chance, and devoted himself to Hasse and Graun. His personal morals were characterized by "venality, prostitution, art, and rascality." And, as for Germany, he, the greatest of Hohenzollerns, was francophile to the end and favored a France extending to the Rhine frontier. In short, not a shred of virtue is left to the reputation of the old King.

Contemporaneously with the appearance of Mr. Hegemann's study of the great Prussian king, a second biography has been issued in this country. This small volume is by Margaret Goldsmith and forms a part of the "Paper Books" issued by Charles Boni. The series aims "to place good books, well designed and carefully made, within the reach of any reader." If all of the series are to be done as carefully as this modest volume, the plan will be a most worthy one. The author presents an interesting, lucid, and quite accurate picture of the life and times of Frederick II. Her own intimate knowledge of the German character has been of great assistance to her. Her estimates are thoughfully and carefully weighed. She has been particularly happy in her choice of selections from Frederick's writings and letters. This small volume is worthy of the group of writers with which Margaret Goldsmith is associated in London. As a bit of informative biography for the general public it is most acceptable, and it is written with a serious purpose and an objective attitude. In a word, it is not history with a bias.

In the days of Rome, historiographers often used the Art of Clio as propaganda and for purely dramatic purposes. Cicero called history the *opus oratorium*. Mr. Hegemann's book would make certain of these gentlemen of the older days green with envy. But after all, his study of Frederick was not conceived in the spirit of real history, nor will it be received as such. The good deeds and the misdeeds of the King have already been carefully weighed and determined. As an instance of a state of mind among certain Germans today, this book is interesting and illuminating.

Extraordinary Experiences

AFRICAN DRUMS. By FRED PULESTON. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $4.

THE LAND OF THE PEPPER BIRD. By SIDNEY DE LA RUE. New York: G. P. Purnam & Son. 1930. $3.50.

DR. PULESTON had extraordinary experiences in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century—the extraordinary experiences which made up the normal existence of white men in Africa at that time when traders adventured up the rivers of the dark continent, peddling rum and beads for ivory, with death as a constant companion. Having such rare and authentic material of the pioneer days, his book could hardly fail to be of absorbing interest, yet one feels that it might have been much better. It is a patchwork of reminiscence and anecdote. His facts are given starkly without transmutation through the eyes of a sensitive observer.

Yet granted these limitations, there is much that is grim and powerful—raw material such as that from which Conrad created "Heart of Darkness." The gruesome death of Hammond, the story of Malea and Luemba, the crocodile fight, the fate of Captain Jackson, are memorable of their kind. And skilfully conveyed, the throbbing of the drums runs through the book—a keenly remembered and hated accompaniment.

The illustrations of André Durenceau, with their powerful elongated figures, are magnificent; but they seem a little out of place, since they have an imaginative quality which is lacking in the text.

"African Drums" is an account of an era that has gone forever. "The Land of the Pepper Bird," on the other hand, describes a corner of modern Africa, the black republic of Liberia, with its curious history and present-day problems. The book is definitely in the informative class, but is pleasantly readable. Mr. de la Rue spent a number of years in Liberia in an official capacity, and his statements about customs and social and economic questions are authoritative and should be of considerable value, since little of note has been written about this land which is now just emerging from a difficult adolescence. His stories of native life, while more or less the commonplaces of existence of white men in the tropics, are told with a light and humorous air.

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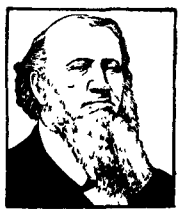

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

COINCIDENTAL with the hottest September we remember, a number of books of poems have drifted to our desk, but we are reserving for discussion a little later those that seem the best of them. We are delighted with the physical appearance of the special signed edition of Edith Sitwell's "Collected Poems," which Duckworth does in England and Houghton Mifflin does over here. The frontispiece portrait of the author by Pavel Tchelitchew is weirdly interesting and quite charming in its own way. Then there is Conrad Aiken's "John Deth" that Scribner's have brought out. The title fantasy we have read. It is a vivid macabresque, with a pictorial quality that ought much to tempt a first rate draughtsman,—but more of that whole book later. Hamish Maclaren's "Sailor with Banjo" (Macmillan) has been issued in an enlarged edition with a new group of poems included entitled "Inland Lyrics." They do not add a great deal to the original work which has narrative interest and something of the color of old broadsheets, a marine *divertissement* that is rather pleasing but not much more. John Huston's book of "Frankie and Johnny" (A. & C. Boni) may not seem, to some, quite the kind of thing for discussion in this department, but we cannot agree with whoever cavils.

This extraordinary folksong remains one of the special gems of distinctively American balladry. Mr. Huston gives us twenty versions of the song, and his own adaptation of it for the stage (production by Jed Harris is spoken of) in a Prologue, Three Scenes, and an Epilogue. Moreover he tells us the story of the real Frankie Baker of St. Louis. The actual shooting occurred in the Fall of 1899, in the tough days of St. Louis, the days of the *maquereau* (abbreviated to "mack"), and of shoe-mirrors and diamond sleeve-garters. Alice Pryar (abbreviated to Alice Pry in the St. Louis version of the ballad), was the actual third "party," though in other versions the name occurs as Nelly Bly, Alice Blye, Alco Lize, Nelsie Fly, Sara Slies, Katy Fly, etc. Also "Johnny" appears in the St. Louis version as "Albert" and the original was a young man named Allen Britt. He and "Frankie" were both colored people, and the latter is said still to be alive running a shoe-shining parlor in Portland, Oregon.

Most of us do not realize that the famous song is of such comparatively recent origin. Just lately John M. Kirkland's full-length play, "Frankie and Johnnie" opened in New York at the Republic Theatre, another evidence of the continuous interest in the theme's melodrama. It has already acquired, as it were, the impress of immortal antiquity. There are, of course, numerous unpublishable verses of various versions of the ballad, which naturally do not appear here. It has accumulated them like a snowball through the last thirty years, but the main dramatic lines remain the same. In Huston's as in Kirkland's stage adaptations all the characters are white people, not colored, and so they appear in the remarkable illustrations by the Mexican caricaturist, Miguel Covarrubias, which adorn the book and are so thoroughly in the character of the period. The jacket, cover, and end-papers of the volume carry out the *motif*. We are glad to have Mr. Huston's record of a native and local incident that has astonishingly assumed the proportions of an epic legend.

Light verse is somewhat appropriate to days of such unseasonable sultriness as the metropolis has lately been experiencing. Here is Baird Leonard's "Simple Confession" (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) and Stoddard King's "The Raspberry Tree" (Doubleday, Doran). Joseph Hergesheimer speaks an introductory word for Miss Leonard, though her accomplished verse speaks for itself and projects a salient personality. There is no need to draw any comparison with the inimitable Dorothy Parker. "Simple Confession" has its own individuality, is neat, cultivated, and clever. Stoddard King's volume is twice the size, but its best things are no better, though King is one of the most facile of our contemporary light-versifiers. He is, indeed, a bit too facile at times, though he is always graceful. It was Vachel Lindsay who first spoke of King to us. His output has been large. "What the Queen Said" appeared in 1926 and "Listen to the Mocking Bird" in 1928. He rhymes swiftly and often. Sometimes, however, he goes right to our heart, as in this outburst in the sestet of a sonnet:

They will play bridge upon the seven seas,
They will play bridge at Naples, I suppose,
At Canterbury and at Mozambique.
I'd rather go upon my hands and knees,
And, with the ground adjacent to my nose,
Patiently push a peanut up Pike's Peak.

A second volume of Irish poems from Arthur Stringer (Bobbs-Merrill), "Out of Erin," a sequel to his "Irish Poems" now long out of print, brings some agreeable tunes to our ears. Mr. Stringer is best-known as a novelist, though he started as a poet and has written several volumes in various rhythms. He comes from Canada, but is half Irish. He explains his attitude toward the use of idiomatic speech in a foreword repeated from that to his "Irish Poems," ending:

> And as an excuse for a newcomer's invasion of that land of brogues and accents and intonations, which are as elusive as quicksilver even when they are as penetrating as turf-smoke and as soft as a bogland breeze, I can only add that it is a field in which there are many anomalies and no finalities.

His "Memories" we have remembered for some years, since we first saw it in a magazine. In fact most of these tunes have a lilt that makes one wish to hear them sung. It is not remarkable that eleven of them have been set to music. Stringer is also gifted in presenting the folk-epigram and in stirring loyal sympathies. If his songs "Out of Erin" contain nothing great they at least convey the spirit of a people with charm and verve.

NIGHT IN THE VALLEY. By MARINA WISTER. Macmillan. $1.25.

Of distinguished literary descent, Miss Wister proves that, as was probable, she has inherited talent. The freshness of youth attracts in such a poem as "Propinquity" and the poet's own individuality is impressed upon certain of the poems. The sincerity of the author's lyricism sometimes makes one forget her defects as a craftsman. Such is the case with the lines "On the Death of Joseph Conrad." But, despite certain ambitious attempts in the first fifty pages of the book, it is in the twelve sonnets at the end that we find true promise. Several of these, "Denial," "What Cannot Be Told," and "Phantasmagoria," are arresting in their clearly conveyed intense emotion. Here, in the last, for instance, is such unforgettable rhetoric, at the same time conveying real life, that it makes most of the rest of Miss Wister's versifying seem a rather pale literary exercise:

I beg a refuge from unhappy love,
Bent on her spinning, crafty in the night.
Such dreams to freeze the curdling sweat she wove
That I in the convulsions of my fright
Hated you. "Oh, how could you!" and "Why did you!"
I cried, trussed in the tissues of that weaver,
Enraged against the treacherous dark that hid you,
Arteried with vermilion shafts of fever.
Now sleep becomes too narrow to contain
My misery, which bursts the deepest lair,
And starkly, darkly, my soul climbs again
The barren platforms of my tall despair,
In parching altitudes alone, alone,
Under a grinning moon as white as bone.

THE POEMS AND VERSES OF JOHN KEATS. In Two Volumes. Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. London: The King's Printers. 1930.

THE feature of this new edition of Keats is, for one thing, its chronological arrangement which includes, as Colvin's did not, the poet's more facetious or flippant verse among his masterpieces. We do not at all agree with Mr. Murry when he avers that "genius such as Keats's has no need of expurgation." Keats was capable of writing the most intolerable drivel. But the undiscriminating enthusiast in Mr. Murry will never down. It is too late to expect him to change. Mr. Murry has followed Professor de Selincourt's example in giving both the original and the revised versions of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," the lines to "Fancy," the sonnet "The Human Seasons," and the "Bright Star" sonnet. The dull drama of "Otho the Great" is properly relegated to the Appendix as a "pot-boiler." The aim of the notes at the end of the second volume is, in the words of the editor, "to illuminate the poems by the letters." As to the format and style of the two volumes, they are handsomely made.

THE PARNASSIAN. Prose and Poetry by Sixteen Members of the Younger Generation. With an Introduction by ALPHEUS BUTLER. Washington, D. C.: Laurel Publishers. 1930. $3.

This is a limited edition and Mr. Butler is a recent graduate of the University of Denver. The stories of Mona Wandanita Hille reveal some sense of the dramatic. Otherwise we can find nothing of any moment here.

DARTMOUTH VERSE 1930. Decorations by ABNER J. EPSTEIN. Hanover, N. H.: The Arts. $2.

All the poems in this anthology were written by undergraduates who were in residence at Dartmouth College during the year 1929-30. The initial "Advice to Scholars," by Courtney Alfred Anderson, gives promise of a freshness that most of the book does not fulfil. William Kimball Flaccus is the best craftsman. Vernon Michael Welsh's "Automaton" (concerning Horace Walpole) has originality.

SILKEN THREADS and THE GOLDEN WEB. By WILHELMINA STITCH. Dutton. 1930.

Miss Stitch is the combination Walt Mason-Edgar Guest of Canada. She furnishes First Aids to Heartaches and catches Happy Thoughts on the lope. Each of these little books has a slip cover, and the verse is printed just like prose, so that the meanest intelligence will not be bewildered by typography. Miss Stitch has not Walt Mason's slambang sense of humor, which we have always relished. She is entirely the sentimentalist. But, if there must be such things, we like her better than Guest.

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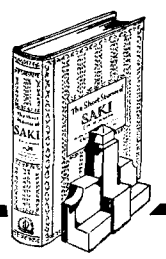

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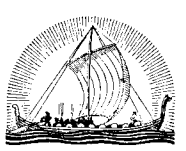

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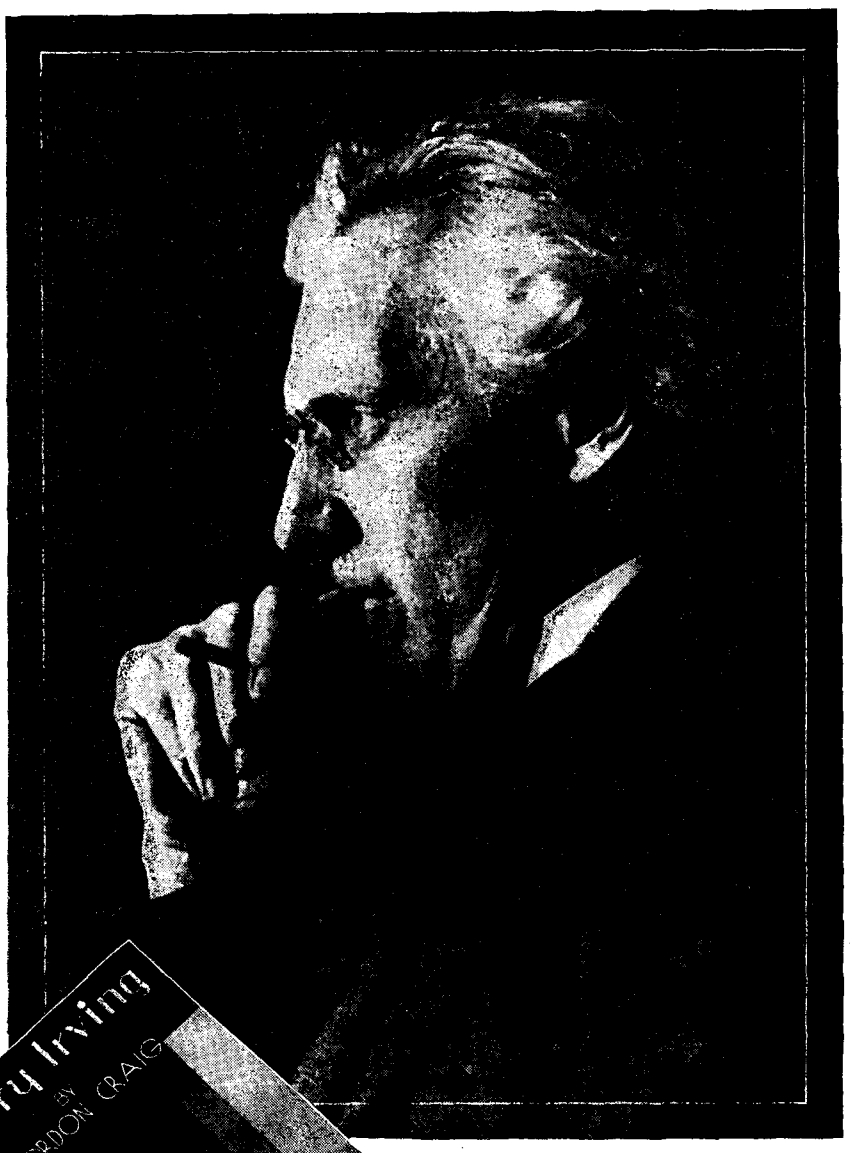

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW will be reviewing these books when they are published—you will want to hear about them. If your subscription has lapsed during the summer months, please communicate with the circulation department at your earliest convenience.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

HORACE WALPOLE'S ENGLAND. Edited by ALFRED BISHOP MASON. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $5.

This handsome book is made up of selections from Walpole's letters. Not many of the letters are given completely, for the editor's primary intention is to illustrate the England of Walpole's day and he must cover as much ground as possible. No other source, of course, does it so well. The panorama of eighteenth century life is spread before the reader with not only all the great domestic characters and scenes from the Coronation of George III to the life and fortunes of the Virgin Chudleigh, but with extracts of foreign intelligence as well—Dr. Franklin and the Americans, Warren Hastings and the Begums, Maria Antoinette and the Mob. Walpole as a letter-writer suffers from the cutting and clipping; the ideal way to read him is to begin at the beginning of the nineteen volumes and read through to the end without skipping a word, but to one who lacks the time and the patience for that this book furnishes a generous peep at his inextinguishably interesting world.

ROUMANIAN DIARY. By HANS COROSSA. *Knopf. 1930. $2.50.*

Herr Corossa's book, published at Leipzig in 1928 as "Rumänisches Tagebuch," is now translated into English by Agnes Neil Scott, and published in an attractive dress. The author served as a German army doctor on the Roumanian front in 1916 and jotted down in his diary his day-by-day experiences and impressions. The record reveals a man of highly sensitive and cultivated intelligence with a broad human tenderness and a distinct bent for the mystical. The peculiar horrors of the mountain fighting on the Roumanian front are softened, but not obscured, by the charm of the author's cultivated style, which has been extraordinarily well caught by the English translator.

Education

CHILDREN AT THE CROSSROADS. By AGNES BENEDICT. New York: Commonwealth Fund. 1930. $1.50.

Do children in the country as well as in the city need the help of a visiting teacher? Or, granting the need but facing the facts of isolated homes, bad roads, and the absence of nearly all organized social agencies, is it humanly possible for a visiting teacher to achieve sufficient success to justify her inclusion in our rural school system? These are questions the Commonwealth Fund and the National Committee on Visiting Teachers set out to meet by including three rural counties in their demonstrations of visiting teacher work. Miss Benedict's book, based on actual case records, is the answer.

Her tersely written, dramatic narratives are like little novels that one reads through breathlessly, regardless of the ulterior purpose of the book. Behind the desperate need of the principal characters, however, against a warm background of human sympathy latent in the community, emerges this new type of social pioneer, familiar with country life, tapping just the right sources of help and sympathy, and bringing to the service of the whole neighborhood her expert knowledge of mental hygiene and her own adventurous faith.

No wonder that at the end of the five years demonstration all three counties took over a full time visiting teacher service at their own expense.

Fiction

THE JOHN RIDDELL MURDER CASE. By JOHN RIDDELL. Scribners. 1930. $2.

Corey Ford is one of the most accomplished of metropolitan parodists. The scaffolding of his present book, built to incorporate a series of parodies on contemporary writers and public entertainers which made their original appearance in *Vanity Fair*, is a pretty long-winded take-off on the detective stories of the highly successful S. S. Van Dine (Willard Huntington Wright in private life). Corey Ford, whose mask is the name "John Riddell," has tired of Philo Vance, the too excessively erudite æsthete-detective. In the words of Ogden Nash, he also thinks that

Philo Vance
Needs a kick in the pance.

So he has tied together his *Vanity Fair* contributions by the device of having Book-reviewer Riddell—as *Time* would term him—murdered at the outset and the books he was apparently reading at the time searched for clues to his death. Hence, in the course of the search, we get parodies of the style and content of Jim Tully, Edward J. O'Brien's short story collections, Will Rogers, Remarque, Sherwood Anderson, the Baffle Books, W. R. Burnett, Katharine Brush, Coolidge, Peggy Joyce, Joe March, Halliburton, Will Durant, Dreiser, Beverly Nichols, Anonymous Confession Books, and Rudy Vallée. They furnish, most certainly, two dollars worth of enjoyment. The pearls of the collection, to us, are the Anderson, the Brush, and the Dreiser parodies. Almost at the end of the book some pages are sealed in the manner of the Sealed Mystery, the "sporting offer being":

> Return this book with the seal intact—and you are out $2.50. Break it—and the mystery is over. Either way, you lose.

"The John Riddell Murder Case" is recommended for the indulgence of anyone's lighter moods, and incidentally it contains fine drastic criticism of certain contemporaries.

GLORY PLACE. By MARIAN BOWER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930. $2.50.

Whether Marian Bower, as her publishers suggest, has been likened to Thomas Hardy or not, she needs no comparisons, as her latest novel "Glory Place" can quite well stand on its own merits both in dramatic story value and the steady upbuilding of real characters doing real things in a real way. Laid in East Anglia, this tale of two great families holds the attention of the reader fast until the final outcome of the ambitious and self-centered Anthony's life of struggle. There has seldom been a picturization of a more self-centered, purposeful character in recent novels than that of Anthony. Villain and cad though he is, he still claims some measure of sympathy, and the reader will find himself hoping against his better judgment that he will attain what he desires. As he himself declares, all things either hunt or are hunted, and he has decided to hunt. Anthony is past master of the art of ingenious scheming, and his rare setbacks never quite defeat him entirely. Miss Bower has depicted a tragic progress with power and effectiveness.

RIVER MAN. By LEONARD UPTON. Dial. 1930. $2.

Told in short staccato sentences, in strongly characterized style, Leonard Lupton in "River Man" has changed the usually prosaic Hudson River to a newer and more dramatic *mise en scène*. This tale of a "shanty boat" woman and her love belongs among the better novels both for its vivid style and its interesting characters. It must be admitted, however, that the vagabond hero is a somewhat different sort from most of those of this reviewer's scant study in other valleys than the historic Hudson. Possibly the eastern stream by its proximity to the metropolis of the western world breeds a worthier, cleaner, and more gentlemanly type, even one who can write salable newspaper articles.

At all events, Mr. Lupton's river man is interesting, and his method of handling his story holds until the end. His woman character, if there were more of her, would be the more engrossing of the two figures.

Miscellaneous

FIELD BOOK OF PONDS AND STREAMS. By ANN HAVEN MORGAN. Putnam's. 1930. $3.50.

This is another of the admirable series of Nature Field Books issued by Putnams and is quite up to the standard of the earlier volumes. Besides the descriptions of the common forms of animals and plants to be found in fresh water, there are chapters on life in ponds and streams and on collecting and preserving specimens and a bibliography for those who want to continue their studies further.

The illustrations are mostly original and some are beautifully reproduced in color. With their help, the identification of forms is much facilitated.

The interest in keeping aquaria and studying the simpler forms of life which abound in fresh water should be greatly stimulated by this book, and with this should be increased the appreciation of the value of our streams and ponds as places of recreation and beauty if not ruined by pollution by sewage and industrial wastes.

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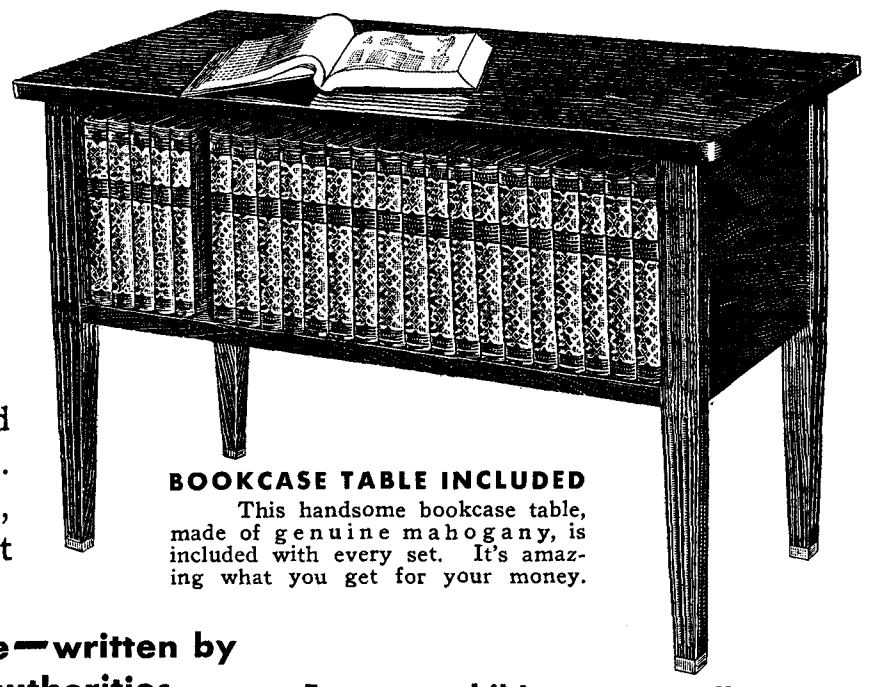

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Foreign Literature

Fifty Years of German Poetry

KRISTALL DER ZEIT: Eine Auslese der Deutschen Lyrik der Letzten Fünfzig Jahre. By ALBERT SOERGEL. Leipzig: Grethlein & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IN this volume a well-known critic and historian of modern German literature has, with the assistance of the poet Johannes Günther, presented the most complete anthology of modern German poetry we remember to have seen since the end of the war. The process of obtaining the eight hundred or so poems which it contains, by nearly two hundred poets, has been thorough and laborious. Out of the poetical production of the past fifty years the two editors chose a hundred and fifty thousand examples, which they reduced to five thousand. Then, working separately, they brought this down to eight hundred, by excluding those poems which did not "transform" them, which did not strike them as permanently and inherently great. Their decisions had to be unanimous, or discussed until the one had convinced the other. Altogether, a remarkable piece of anthology-making.

The poems having finally been agreed upon, it became necessary to decide on their arrangement. The chronological plan was rejected, and eventually they were printed according to that region of Germany, Austria, or German-speaking Switzerland with which each individual writer was, by birth or residence, most prominently identified. It is not the best arrangement, for, unless one picks one's way by means of the index, it is not possible to take the anthology as a continuous guide to the development of German lyric poetry during the past three generations. It is also not possible to take the collection as a "regional" anthology, for the editors have excluded all poems of purely local interest, and have also, on principle, rejected all dialect verse. One thing—and it is not without interest—the arrangement does demonstrate, and that is the very important part played in contemporary German poetry by the young poets of the Rhineland, foremost among them Jakob Kneip, and of Austria, chiefly Max Mell and Richard Billinger. Among other German poets of today the selection from Ruth Schaumann is particularly full and well done. Her religious poetry has a genuineness of feeling, a skill and sincerity of expression, which is not surpassed in contemporary German verse. It is representative of that ideal reality which has succeeded the once-fashionable Expressionist style. Of this latter, by the way, not very much is left after the winnowing process carried out by the editors. There are the familiar and often unforgettable lyrics of Franz Werfel—but he was always much more of an "ideal realist" than expressionist, and today all the expressionist eccentricity has fallen away. Herren Soergel and Günther would have printed extracts from the much more typical Johannes Becher, but he apparently, like the older Stefan George, has not allowed the inclusion of any of his verse, and so only a list is given of what would have been chosen.

There are some quite new names in the collection. Of the doctor-poet Hans Carossa, whose "Rumanian Diary" a few months ago brought him a high reputation, there is a representative selection, and of his younger admirer, Paul Alverdes, there are one or two most promising and charming lyrics. The "working-class lyric," too, is worthily represented in the selections from Gerrit Engelke and Max Barthel—surely no other European literature, in these past years, has produced such genuine "proletarian" poetry as Germany. The older poets are, of course, represented with familiar selections—Arno Holz and Hofmannsthal, Dehmel and Mombert, Leo Greiner and Rilke. The last-named, it is quite obvious, wields a most important influence. Not only are his more or less familiar early poems given, but also his more important later elegies, the "Duineser Elegien," and both in form and content these seem to have made a deep impression on Rilke's younger contemporaries. There are, for example, verses of Hans Carossa, or of Richard Billinger, which seem like echoes of Rilke, and make one realize that although Rilke's premature death was a great loss to German lyric poetry, he had not only left behind a body of verse of great distinction, but had sown the seed which is springing up in various parts of present-day German literature.

From Liliencron—the earliest name in the collection—to, say, Franz Johannes Weinrich, born in 1897—what a changed outer world! Over these three generations has passed a great war, a revolution, a revision of intellectual and spiritual values, a change of psychology and philosophy to which our modern world can offer no parallel since the French Revolution. But one must conclude, if this anthology offers a fair means of judging, that the change in German poetry has been far less profound than in the other departments of literature. The radicalism of the years following the war has largely evaporated, and German poetry seems to be achieving today a return to objectivity, to simplicity and directness of expression, which one would hardly have thought possible ten years ago.

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Two Billions Less

AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD. By PAUL M. MAZUR. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

HE who predicts regarding the economic or political future of this country must have courage. So many prophecies have been belied, so many analyses have proven inadequate. Even the professional economists have almost resigned themselves to a policy of "try and see."

Mr. Mazur's essay on America's present economic situation and its probable developments is nevertheless both valuable and stimulating. It is delightfully written, clear for the most part, and such forecasting as he does is carefully safeguarded so as not to mislead the reader.

The main prediction upon which he insists is that this country cannot continue indefinitely as a creditor nation with a so-called "favorable" balance of trade. This prediction is based upon one of the laws of economics which has survived the general post-war amendments. Trade between nations must ultimately involve an exchange of goods and we cannot forever collect even the interest on our foreign investments, let alone the principal, if at the same time we insist upon shipping our creditors goods of a greater value than we allow them to ship us.

When Mr. Mazur uses the term "creditor nation" he of course means a normal creditor with a collection of reasonably solvent debtors. We can, of course, continue to export more then we import if we are willing to extend to our customers credit unlimited both as to amount and as to time of payment. But this would in the course of time precipitate a general bankruptcy. Therefore, Mr. Mazur argues, we must look forward to a time in the not distant future when we shall be forced by the operation of economic laws to accept more goods from our debtors than we send to them—in other words, we must look forward to a time when we shall normally have an "unfavorable balance of trade."

The amount of this unfavorable balance he estimates at approximately one billion dollars a year. As our present "favorable" balance is about one billion dollars, this means that we will have to increase our imports by approximately two billion dollars per annum.

This enormous increase in the influx of foreign goods Mr. Mazur looks upon as involving a serious menace to the vast economic structure which we have erected on the theory of a large and expanding export surplus. He explores in a most illuminating manner the various factors which may aggravate or ameliorate the result. To this task he brings a wide knowledge of economics and—what is perhaps even more important—a recognition of the shortcomings in our knowledge of that complicated science.

For the layman there is some difficulty in understanding why we should be prosperous if we send abroad five billion dollars worth of goods every year and receive in return only four billions dollars worth, while all sorts of dire consequences would follow if we exported the same amount of goods and received six billion dollars worth in return. England built up a stupendous and unprecedented national wealth, although for years she suffered under an "unfavorable" balance of trade. The surplus of course represented payments of interest on her capital invested abroad. To be sure, conditions are not the same for America in the twentieth century as they were for Britain in the nineteenth, and the present economic depression in England would not in itself encourage any other nation to follow her example. But the depression in England is due to causes and circumstances even more unusual than those which surround America at the present time.

Mr. Mazur is neither optimistic nor pessimistic. He is objective within the limits of human possibility. Yet the facts which he sets forth incline one to a somewhat pessimistic reaction. A bit of pessimism now and then may be a healthy offset to the chronic optimism in which as a nation we are prone to indulge. On the other hand, this optimism may in itself be a factor in overcoming the difficulties which Mr. Mazur has pointed out ahead of us. No amount of optimism, however, can warrant our ignoring these difficulties. Mr. Mazur has rendered a public service in showing in such clear and readable form the nature of the tasks that we shall shortly have to meet.

William Pett Ridge, the English novelist who died this week, was the author of some widely popular tales. Among them were "A Clever Wife," "Madame Prince," "The Amazing Years," and his last work, "Affectionate Regards."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquires in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea S.W.3, London.

C. A., writing from Freiburg, Germany, asks for a list of outstanding new novels to buy in London on his way back and take with him to New York.

I HAVE sent him a list and a warning to look sharp if he intends to get them back before they appear in America. For instance, A. P. Herbert's "The Water Gypsies" will have reached the American public (Doubleday, Doran) before this, and I hope is already repeating the sensation it made in London. It is quite as good-tempered as "The Good Companions" and holds up even better, for Mr. Priestley's last chapters did rather sag under the weight of bliss, and the last glimpse of Mr. Herbert's heroine on the boat from the banks is almost as if the book were starting up again. One wonders, indeed, if the sight of some such bridal party riding the tide up the river, may not perhaps have set Mr. Herbert wondering along what path the bride might have come to that hour, and so started the whole enterprise? The Indian excitement may have helped Major Yeats-Brown's "Bengal Lancer" (Viking) with the general public, but all the critics have praised it emphatically and at length, and it has been taken to heart by people with a taste either for sport or for oriental philosophy; I suggest it to those who admired "A Passage to India." I don't know when a heroine has taken possession of me and of the book so rapidly and completely as in Ronald Fraser's "Rose Anstey," and she seems to have had the same effect not only on the critics but on readers in general. "The Edwardians," by V. Sackville-West, takes place in high society at a period when aristocratic Georgian do-as-you-please and middle-class Victorian standards had run together into a code that permitted almost anything except a scandal. The place is the same as in "Orlando," and by this time everybody knows where that is. Denis Mackail's "The Young Livingstones" is a set of stories about the more attractive aspects of modern brothers and sisters. I trust it will not hurt the chances of two admirable novels, but it must go on the record that the heroines of "Miss Mole," by E. H. Young, and "The Rector's Daughter," by F. M. Mayor (Coward-McCann), are middle-aged spinsters. "Miss Mole" is so pleasant a book that the reader should really be told in advance that the heartbreak which at one point seems imminent will really be avoided, and the lady presented at last and somewhat to her own astonishment, with her happiness. The destiny of Miss Mayor's Laura, however, is determined in a far more subtle fashion: you are kept furiously interested in a book where nothing happens—until after you have bumped into the last page you begin to realize how surprisingly much really has. Gilbert Frankau's "Martin Make-Believe" is popular, and so, of course, is John Buchan's latest, "Castle Gay"; as for "Very Good, Jeeves," the appearance of P. G. Wodehouse on two continents at once is now as much a matter of course as if he were a moving picture. H. G. Wells's "Autocracy of Mr. Parham" (Doubleday, Doran) has for some time been purchasable by an American dollar, setting on edge the teeth of British booksellers who have to charge seven-and-six for it. Another Wells first has lately appeared, by the way, which is not in any publisher's catalogue, not being in the least for sale—a neatly bound, admirably printed booklet sent to members of the Society of Authors and stating, in right promethean Wells, the case in his recent disagreement with a prospective collaborator in a collaboration that was called off. This, however, is not a trade item and therefore none of my business. One of the novels most favorably received by the most distinguished London critics is an American one, and a first novel at that, Elizabeth Wilkins Thomas's "Ella," a Viking production here brought out by Gollancz: "A week that brings us two such books as 'Rose Anstey' and 'Ella,'," says the *Telegraph*, "is memorable, and I have already indicated what people think of "Rose Anstey." A chorus of kind words greeted another first novel from America, Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel" (Scribner), so soon after its publication by Heinemann that one wonders whether some of the critics had taken its qualities from sample rather than read all there was of what there was so much. The conscientious Gerald Gould, however, came in late in the *Observer* with the admission that "though I have been humbly gnawing at it for weeks, and have read many passages many times," he could not "form the remotest conception of what it was about." Now if I were a young author, I think I would be set up to find the critics not only gnawing at my book for a considerable period, but chewing the same bit over and over.

WILLIAM F. LUEBKE, Professor of English at the University of Denver, sends this good advice to the Guide: To your excellent list of English grammars and books on usage in the *Saturday Review* of July 26, 1930, I should like to offer the following supplement: H. Poutsma, "A Grammar of Late Modern English," Groningen: P. Noordhoff. 4 vols. 1904 (2nd ed. 1928); 1914; 1916; 1926. The most complete modern English grammar; splendidly documented. The third volume of Jespersen's grammar came out in 1927 (Heidelberg: Carl Winter). It contains the second instalment of the syntax. C. T. Onions, "An Advanced English Syntax," London, 3rd ed. 1911. G. O. Curme, "A College English Grammar." Richmond, Va., Johnson Pub. Co. 1925. $2. The best up-to-date one-volume grammar. A still briefer work, based on the best authorities, is Leiper, "A New English Grammar," Macmillan. 1923. Has good brief bibliographies at the ends of chapters and in the appendix.

As the American counterpart of Fowler's "Modern Usage" should be mentioned Krapp's "Comprehensive Guide to Good English." Rand, McNally. 1927.

A more recent and highly scholarly Latin grammar is that by W. G. Hale and C. D. Buck. Chicago. 1903. Contains many illustrative examples from standard authors, and valuable brief historical notes. For those who read German there is of course F. Sommer, "Handbuch der Lateinischen Laut- und Formenlehre," Heidelberg: Carl Winter.

"G. S." will no doubt also be interested in Victor Henry, "A Short Comparative Grammar of English and German as traced back to their common origin and contrasted with the classical languages," London, 1894.

While I am writing I wish to add a few Keller items for the benefit of "B. W." (Minneapolis) *Sat. Review*, Aug. 16, 1930, page 63.—"G. Keller," A Selection of his Tales translated with a Memoir by Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker. 1891. Keller's "Sieben Legenden" translated by C. H. Handschin, under the title of "Legends of Long Ago." Chicago: The Abbey Press. 1911. These tales contain some of Keller's most characteristic work. The translation is beautifully done. Keller's "Village Romeo and Juliet," translated by A. C. Bahlmann, with introduction by Edith Wharton. Scribners. 1914. There are also selections from "Die Leute von Seldwyla" in Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature."

As for an anthology of modern German poetry, we have Babette Deutsch, "Contemporary German Poetry," an anthology chosen and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1923).

Commander Lowry, in a recently published book, recalls the fact that the familiar expression, "Tell it to the marines," originated with Charles II., and was given immortality by Pepy's quoting of it in his diary.

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Points of View

Mr. Winter's Metrics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Benét, in your issue for September 6, 1930, demands an explanation of the metrics I have employed in my recent collection of verse, "The Proof" (Coward-McCann: 1930). I offer the following none-too-systematic observations for what they may be worth, drawing my examples from my own work, not through vanity but merely by way of precaution.

The foot which I have used as a basis for my free verse resembles the foot employed by Gerard Hopkins, but allows for greater variation. It consists of a single heavily accented syllable, placed usually toward the fore, an unlimited number of secondarily accented syllables, and an unlimited number of unaccented syllables. Now obviously the classification of such accents and lack of accents will be in a measure arbitrary, for language is fluid, and no two instances will be identical. The poet must be permitted to use his own judgment in dubious instances, and the critic must do his best to perceive the reason for it. Hopkins did not recognize the secondary accent as a type, and I have found upon attempting to rhyme the sort of free verse that I have published that the secondary accent blurs out, and the result is metrically pure Hopkins. Whether this is inevitable or not I cannot say. But if one will substitute non-rhyming nonsense syllables for the rhymes in some of Hopkins's more difficult sonnets, and then read aloud for meter only, one will have something not wholly unlike a great deal of Miss Moore and Dr. Williams.

But one or two instances of scansion are necessary. The poems that Mr. Benét has rearranged are counterpointed, and he has rearranged them through failure to observe the primary rhythm, which is of an unfamiliar kind. To make myself clear, I select first an uncounterpointed passage. It may be found in my previous collection, "The Bare Hills" (Four Seas, 1927):

> *Earth dárkens and ìs béaded*
> *with a swéat of búshes and*
> *the béar comes fòrth;*
> *the mînd, stored with*
> *magnificènce, procéeds intò*
> *the mystery of Time, nôw*
> *cértain of ìts chóice of*
> *pássion but ùncértain òf the*
> *pàssion's énd.*

The acute accents in this passage mark the primary stress, and the grave the secondary. The third and fourth lines, it will be observed, are merely half-lines, being separated to emphasize the repetition of beat. The last line is here incomplete; it ends in the poem with a single heavily accented syllable, the sole occupant of its foot. The writer employing this system must of course be permitted liberties as great as those taken by the Elizabethan masters of blank verse, in the way of dropping and adding feet, rearranging lines, etc. Another matter that should be born in mind is this: that, though I believe it demonstrable that most free verse tends either toward this norm, or, like Mr. Pound's, toward the recombination of classical meters, few if any of the writers who have been going in this direction have paused to analyze their structure—they have written by ear alone, and have often, perhaps, taken excessive liberties, so that many of their poems will be analyzable only in part. Certain of the shorter poems of Miss Moore, one or two things by H. D., and a great many pieces by Dr. Williams, seem to me to have, when read aloud, a kind of musical unity, from beginning to end; and it has been my experience that those pieces will bear pretty close metrical analysis. Where the meter constantly breaks down, we get the feeling, so common in much of the free verse even of these three writers, of rhythmical or merely excited prose.

I said that the passage above quoted was uncounterpointed; I should have said lightly counterpointed, for wherever the secondary accent occurs, counterpoint occurs. That is, the regularity of accent, disregarding the difference between light and heavy accent, provides one kind of rhythm, whether that regularity conforms to an iambic system or to some other; while the regularity of primary accent provides the second and coincident rhythm necessary to the counterpoint. Now if, as in the above passage, the meter is an even, running affair with the difference between light accent and no-accent minimized, the loose foot that I have described becomes obvious and the regular foot negligible. If, on the other hand, the difference between primary and secondary accent becomes minimized, the loose foot tends to be lost and the standard foot only to emerge, the line appearing merely to be butchered. Successful counterpoint will lie somewhere between these two extremes. Mr. Benét unwittingly accuses me of this second escape from counterpoint, which, unless the line be rearranged, represents failure. He may or may not be right; I merely offer my own scansion of the first passage which he rewrites:

> *Dry snów runs bùrning*
> *on the gróund like fire—*
> *the quìck of Héll spin òn*
> *the wînd. Shòuld Ì beliéve*
> *in this your bódy, tàke it*
> *at its wórd? I hàve believed*
> *in nòthing. Éarth burns with a*
> *shádow thàt has hèld my*
> *flèsh; the eye is a shàdow*
> *that consúmes the mind.*

The above passage, it will be observed, contains only one foot to the line, and the relatively large number of syllables in each foot results in occasional ambiguities of accent, which are not, however, without their own esthetic value—comparable ambiguities can be found in Milton or where you will. The two outstanding examples in this passage are: the last syllable in the sixth line, which I have marked light, for the sake of theoretic consistency, but which might almost as well be heavy, and the first syllable in the next to the last line, the position of which at the front of the line and before the semicolon renders it almost equal to the heavy syllable. Now if Mr. Benét's revision of my passage is necessary, my poem is bad; had I felt that such revision was necessary at the time of writing, I should have written my poem in some fashion entirely different from either version, for the uncounterpointed, incomplete iambic meter that Mr. Benét separates from the other rhythmic component is almost totally dull to my ears.

The loose foot which I have described explains the occasional or even frequent necessity of ending a line on an article, preposition, or some such word. Hopkins has noted the natural tendency to throw light accents after a heavy instead of before, when the number of light accents exceeds the number of heavy; this is in accord with the normal accentual shifts in our language as it is spoken—when accents change in the spoken English word, they move toward the front. The tendency in verse is not inflexible, but it is marked. Iambic verse is historically an importation from France that succeeded because its norm involves an equal number of stressed and unstressed syllables appearing in alternation, and because it provides an interesting means of counterpoint when set against the conversational tendency of our tongue; it looks simple, but involves this curious complexity.

As to my punctuational vagaries, they are merely indications of my rhythmic intentions, which the reader is welcome to take or leave. Shakespeare punctuated his MSS in the same way for the benefit of the actors—the reader might examine the First Folio version of Polonius's advice to Laertes, for example.

I proposed this system of scansion to Dr. Williams a couple of years ago, when it first occurred to me, and he seemed to think it was sound. So did Mr. Howard Baker. I have never consulted anyone else. The objection to the method, whether rhymed, as in Hopkins, or unrhymed, as in my own verse, is this: that it tends to a rapid run-over line, to a minimum of pause at the end of the line. The esthetic result is a kind of breathless rush, which may very well be exciting, but which tends to exclude all save a certain kind of feeling. Shakespeare can be just as mad in a sonnet as Hopkins, and he can be at the same time a great many other things that Hopkins cannot. He has, in other words, a more limber medium, which enables him to handle more complex feelings—the greater the complexity, in general, the less the emphasis. Sex is over-emphasized in Lawrence, because so few other things were within the grasp of his intelligence. Hopkins solved this difficulty, in so far as his temperament allowed him to solve it, by reverting toward standard iambic meter in varying degrees. Without rhyme, the gap is harder to cross, though a few poems indicate that it probably can be crossed. "The Widow's Lament" and others by Dr. Williams, for instance, and "The Snow Man" and a few others by Wallace Stevens. The really major poems that Mr. Stevens has written, however, are all in regular meters of one sort or another, mostly blank verse.

I offer these remarks not because a vindication of my own procedure of some four or five years ago (Mr. Benét does me a mild injury in suggesting that I am exhibiting my virtuosity by using three methods—the successive sections of the book are chronologically arranged and represent a purely tentative groping toward greater complexity of feeling and greater simplicity of means) is of any great public interest, but because the matter of free verse has always been in a cloud, and seems at present likely to sink back into total darkness. I believe it a legitimate, if superlatively difficult, medium, that has produced its masters and enormously enriched our rhythmic consciousness. Mr. Pound once claimed that one should master the standard meters before attempting free verse; but free verse has given us so much that the poet of the future may have to go near to reversing the process.

YVOR WINTERS.
Stanford University, Calif.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the true manner of a German scholar, I hasten to reprimand you for the bad jumbling of the name of Gottfried Keller's masterpiece. The title of the book is "Die Leute von Seldwyla" and not "Leldwglda." We, who do read German, might search in vain under that title and so miss one of the treasures of German prose.

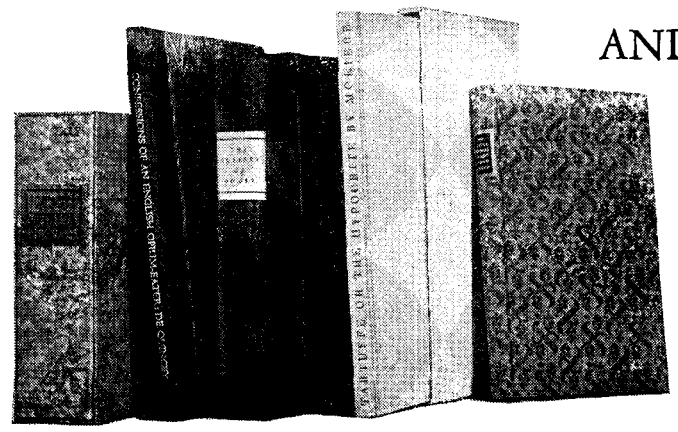
WILLIAM B. LIPPMANN
Irvington, New Jersey.

Keller's Seldwyla Tale

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The translation of Gottfried Keller's Seldwyla tale, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," referred to by May Harris in your issue of September 6, was made (if you have not already been reminded) by A. C. Bahlmann. It may be worth adding that "Seldwyla People" has more than once been offered in English translation and that at least one familiar American edition is still, very undeservedly, knocking around on the remainder counters.

B. K. HART.
Providence, R. I.



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THE American auction season of 1930-1931, of which it is reasonable just now to expect anything, began the twenty-second of September with one of Mr. Charles F. Heartman's sales of Americana. Characterized by Mr. Heartman in the opening paragraph of his introduction to the catalogue as a "timid start"—a phrase he later modifies—the sale included, as usual, several interesting books and a few manuscripts. There were: William Barton's "The True Interest of the United States, and particularly of Pennsylvania, Considered with Respect to . . . a State Paper-Money," Philadelphia, 1786, with the signature of James McHenry on the title-page; the second edition, London, 1780, of Robert Colvill's "Savannah, a Poem in two cantos;" James Bentley Gordon's "Historical and Geographical Memoir of the North American Continent," Dublin, 1820; "Dialogues de Monsieur le Baron de Lahontan et d'un Sauvage dans l'Amerique," Amsterdam, 1704; James Russell Lowell's "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," London, 1832; "The Memorials of the English and French Commissaries concerning the limits of Nova Scotia," London, 1755; two hitherto unknown copies of the "New England Primer," Newburyport, printed by Samual S. Parker, 1788-1790, and Newburyport, 1792-1896; the first American Shakespeare, Philadelphia, 1795-96; the original manuscript Orderly Book kept at the Headquarters of Company H, 4th U. S. Infantry stationed in the South from October, 1820, to October, 1821; and forty volumes of manuscript "Journals" of the House of Commons from 1571 to 1681, made for William Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury during the reigns of William III, Queen Anne, and George I. Mr. Heartman's comments on book-cellecting in general, with which he is in the habit of prefacing his catalogues, are always worth reading, even though actual agreement with his ideas does not invariably follow: he is intelligent, suggestive, and possessed of so much good sense that it is a pleasure to find out what he thinks, even when he seems quite unintentionally to overlook brilliant work such as Mr. Michael Sadleir's.

A group of Chicago business men and collectors have sent out a leaflet announcing the establishment of a permanent auction house in that city at Suite 1036-1038, Fine Arts Building, 410 South Michigan Avenue. For the first year, the sales are to be confined to books and autograph material, with possibly one "informal" print sale. The Directors of this new undertaking "bring to the enterprise the connoisseur's appreciation of fine books, prints, autographs, long business experience, ample finances, and high ideals. They desire to provide an auction house especially for the mid-west market, where buyers and sellers will be assured that all sales will be conducted on sound business principles, reflecting unquestioned integrity. Collectors residing within five hundred miles of Chicago may now enjoy buying personally at auction, and at the same time find a ready market for material they may wish to sell. It is hoped that collectors in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit—to mention only a few cities within short range—will actively participate in these sales." The first sale is to be held about the fifteenth of October, and is to include modern first editions, bindings, general literature, and Americana. The "Informal" sales are for less expensive books—no printed catalogues are to be sent out, but the books are to be put on exhibition before the actual sales and described in mimeographed lists. This, of course, is excellent—there is no apparent reason why book-auction sales should be confined to the East, and this new establishment will undoubtedly be welcomed most cordially as it deserves to be. While it is comforting to have business integrity stressed to such an unusual extent, a further note of cheerfulness might have been added by including a few reassurances on the subject of the printed catalogues, whether they are to be done by persons who are not only trained bibliographers, but who have the ability to write in clear, decent English of what they see before them. Elaboration is unnecessary: briefness can often be misleading. In a perfect book-world, accurate descriptions might be taken for granted, or reduced to a mere first, second, or third edition—in our present state of uncertainty about the majority of books, it is far wiser to describe carefully than to be brief, and positive—and hopelessly wrong. G. M. T.

The following letter is in itself of so much interest that it is a pleasure to print it:

Dear Sir:

In the issue of the sixth [of September] you refer to Mr. Voynich's unwillingness to have his book sold at auction in this country, and wonder what reason may lie back of it. I never heard him discuss the matter, but one good reason is obvious. In American auctions, so far as I have observed, few books that appeal primarily to scholars and few in foreign languages, unless they have some "trick" interest—whether age, binding, or plates—bring one-tenth their commercial value. That is why, outside of Americana, first editions, and sets, auction prices mean so little.

Faithfully yours,
W. H. ALLEN.

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TITANIC THURSDAYS

Here at *The Inner Sanctum* we publish our books on Thursdays. Why we don't publish them on Tuesdays or Fridays only the high command of the business management can tell. The reason has something to do with better coordination between the billing department and the shipping room. At any rate Thursdays have long been our regular publication days.

A *titanic* Thursday is a Thursday on which the atmosphere of the entire office glows and vibrates with the anticipatory omens of what is known in the trade as *"a big book."* You cannot prove it: you are just inwardly certain—or is it only wishful confidence raised to the N-th degree? The order clerks await the zero hour, the telephone receptionist does double duty; staid editors are shamelessly turning allegorical handsprings; salesmen are exulting on the house-tops, and grim-visaged accountants condescend to smile. Telegrams crackle. The office throbs with mighty memoranda: re-orders are in the air. A *"big book"* is at hand.

There were giants on those titanic Thursdays of yesteryear when *The Inner Sanctum* unveiled to a more or less palpitant cosmos the first *Cross Word Puzzle Books*, the first editions of *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, *Bambi*, *Fraulein Else*, *Show Girl*, *The Art of Thinking*, *Wolf Solent*,—*And Company*, *Believe It Or Not*, *Twelve Against the Gods* and *Caught Short*.

This month of September, 1930, seems to be running over with titanic-Thursdays-in-the-making. Between now and October, four first-flight offerings of *The Inner Sanctum* take off, with cheers and prayers, roman candles and benedictions:

First is *The End of the World* by GEOFFREY DENNIS in which (we repeat) the author, with brushes of comet's hair, sits before a ten-league canvas and from some Himalayan vantage-point in space portrays the unportrayable—charting the doom of the universe, its why, its when, its how.

Second is *Bring 'Em Back Alive* in which FRANK BUCK and EDWARD ANTHONY tell how man-eating tigers, murderous King cobras, and the lords of jungle and mountain-peak are brought home for zoo and circus.

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Yes and we can think of a lot more too. In fact, our life seems to be pretty full at present. But then there are a great many things we hate also. But you don't, necessarily, wish to hear about them. We are pretty nice, too, to mention all the things we like and leave out all the others, considering that we feel rather awful this morning with a convalescent cold, and with sitting up till two A. M. reading *Alexander Laing's* novel, "End of Roaming" (Farrar & Rinehart). Why, of course, it's good, or we wouldn't have been such a darn fool as to go on reading it that long, would we? It isn't any masterpiece, but it's a good first novel. We are tired of novels of adolescence, and yet it held us. Mr. Laing has the gift of holding one's attention, anyway. Before that we had tackled *John Cowper Powys's* "Defence of Sensuality" (Simon & Schuster), and while we admire Powys, we bogged down about a third of the way through. Not that he hasn't some good ideas. But the effort of trying to feel superhuman and subhuman both at once was a little too much for us. We have to take them one at a time. Just at this writing we're pretty "sub. . . .

Last week we were cut off by the bottom of the column when we were just about to answer a very pleasant note from the Editor of the *Bookman* in which he asked us to lunch and said "I won't shoot you if you won't shoot me." He intimated that he was amused at our kidding and then dashed us by also intimating that we are lively so infrequently that he forgets we are any good at it. That's fair enough, as we found nothing very lively in his show. He says, "I must say I am puzzled to see how so very dull a performance can provoke such a lively article as Rebecca's and such lively verses as yours."

So here's to S. C. *of the* Bookman;
He certainly isn't no crook-man;
But the Humanist thesis
Has semi-paresis.
In Paris you ask any Cook man!

A little more l'Allegro in the Penseroso for the Humanists, that's all *we* ask. A few Quips, and Cranks, and Wanton Wiles from Mr. Babbitt; a little Zephyr-with-Aurora-playing for Mr. More. And take a learnéd sock or two from *Ben Jonson!* (Proof positive, by the way, in that line, that Ben knew the squared circle!) . . .

"A. E." (*George William Russell*) arrived a week ago Monday to deliver a series of lectures on literary subjects as well as thirty or forty lectures on his philosophy of a rural civilization. The literary lectures are under the auspices of the Pond Bureau. . . .

W. W. Norton & Company have announced that arrangements have been made for their publication, under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, of the authorized biography of *Fridtjof Nansen*, by *Jon Sorensen*. This is the only biography in preparation which has the cooperation of Nansen's family. Nansen's diaries and correspondence have been placed at the author's disposal. . . .

Pierre Loving is to act as American editor for *This Quarter*, the international magazine of Arts and Letters, edited in Paris by *Edward W. Titus*, of which Richard R. Smith, the American publisher, has now become the American representative. The Fall number will start this new arrangement. Mr. Loving's biography of *Baudelaire*, by the way, called "The Cat of Heaven," will be published in this country by Brewer & Warren. It is unusually vivid and lively. This summer Loving has been working on a play entitled "Fiercely Yours," which deals with international society abroad. The chief characters are well-known personages. Americans spin the intrigue in the foreground, background, and on the rim of the horizon. The people are almost as recognizable as those in Proust. The play is now finished. . . .

Jessie B. Rittenhouse, veteran anthologist of American poetry and for so many years one of the leading spirits in the Poetry Society of America, as well as an exquisite poet in her own right, has recently been out in Colorado giving a course of lectures in contemporary poetry at the Writers Conference held this summer at the University of Colorado at Boulder. She has also given a similar course at the State Teachers' College at Greeley. The students were from all the far western states and a very eager and keen group. Miss Rittenhouse formerly conducted a poetry seminar at Rollins College. She did it to help *Dr. Holt* in his experiment in creative education. . . .

The Marcus Graham Defense Committee informs us that *Robert Parsons* (pen-name *Marcus Graham*) is threatened with deportation by the United States Government. Graham edited a legally copyrighted anthology of four hundred poets, entitled "An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry." Those quoted in it included *Euripides*, *Shakespeare*, and ranged down to *Carl Sandburg* and our humble self. The book has been on sale at all the leading bookstores and available at all libraries. If this is the basis of complaint against Parsons or Graham we think it outrageous. The Defense Committee also say that the editor of the anthology is charged with having been across the Mexican border to Juarez without the permit required for aliens, which accusation they declare is entirely without foundation in fact. All desiring to subscribe to the defense should address *Lucia Trent*, 61 Huntington Street, Hartford, Connecticut. . . .

Well, who'd be a proton, nowadays! It seems that, after all, the electron is the only kind of fundamental particle in nature. It can switch from negative to positive energies; and so the poor proton slinks off with its tail between its legs. If you don't know what we're talking about or what the young Cambridge scientist, *Dirac*, was talking about the other day, buy from the Oxford Press—if you can afford to part with six bucks—a book called "Quantum Mechanics," by *P. A. M. Dirac*, which is the basis of a remarkable new theory. We're going to miss old Proton, we must admit. He hadn't been around an awfully long time, but we'd sort of got used to him and he seemed amiable and unassuming. . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

The complexity of modern life makes necessary a vast deal of reading in order to understand the problems of the day. The flood of books on every subject often makes it difficult to know where to begin. We will not say "and where to end." For of the reading of books, like their making, there is—and should be—no end. It is consequently the more needful to read the right things. The Oxford University Press is always to be relied on to furnish authoritative books. On many of the subjects that are forcing themselves on our attention at the present moment, like the problem of India, the Oxford Press, with its branches in Bombay, Calcutta and Madras, is in a unique position. It is astonishing how many different phases of India are covered by Oxford books. Not to mention the *Oxford History of India*[1] for the understanding of her background there is *India's Past*[2], by A. A. Macdonnell, which is described as "A Survey of her Literature, Religions, Languages, and Antiquities." *The Making of Modern India*[3] by Nicol Macnicol supplements it. A more detailed study of one particular aspect of the historical background is Murray T. Titus's *Indian Islam*[4], a religious history of Islam in India. This is one of a series on *The Religious Quest of India*, which includes another volume by Nicol Macnicol, *Indian Theism*[5], H. D. Griswold's *The Religion of the Rigveda*[6], *The Rites of the Twice-Born*[7] by Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, *Hindu Ethics*[8] by John McKenzie, and W. S. Urquhart's *The Vedanta and Modern Thought*[9]. In another series called *India of Today*, A. and G. L. C. Howard have written a most valuable monograph on *The Development of Indian Agriculture*[10], which supplements D. R. Gadgil's *Industrial Evolution of India*[11]. Indeed, the economic and social conditions of India are of even more importance today than her history, long and fascinating as it is. With this in mind, Mr. M. L. Darling has written his *Rusticus Loquitur*[12] which he calls "The Old Light and the New in the Punjab Village," describing the social conditions under which the new Indian peasant lives and thinks. It is all a first-hand account from information gathered by the author, who is Registrar of Coöperative Societies in the Punjab, on an extensive tour of the district on horseback. The *New York Times* calls this "a charming and reassuring book," which "illumines a rascent India." *The Work of Medical Women in India*[13] by Miss Balfour and Miss Young, deals with an important activity. Those who are interested in India from a more purely cultural standpoint—and scholars are turning more and more to India and her astonishing riches—will be glad to know that Vincent Smith's well-known *History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon*[14] has been revised by Mr. K. de B. Codrington, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and is issued, with a large number of illustrations.

Now that we are on the subject of art, we cannot leave it without telling you of one or two more of the splendid volumes which Oxford has accustomed us to expect. The monumental *Survey of Persian Art*[15] to which a committee of seventy international experts under the editorship of Mr. Arthur Upham Pope is contributing a series of articles on everything known about the whole range of Persian Art, is expected by experts to start a new era in art books on its appearance next year. (Students of Persia, by the way, cannot dispense with Sir Arnold Wilson's exhaustive *Bibliography of Persia*[16].) The *Survey* is being issued in connection with the Persian Art Exhibit to be held by the Royal Academy in January, 1931. The *Catalogue of Italian Art*[17], commemorating the Royal Academy's Italian exhibition of this spring, will soon be ready, and is as beautiful a volume as the *Catalogue of Dutch Art*[18] which commemorated the great exhibition of 1929. Another great commemorative volume is *A Production*[19], a sumptuous folio recording Mr. Craig's great production of Ibsen's *The Pretenders* in Copenhagen in 1926. But we mustn't start on the subject of the theatre. That is another special department where Oxford books would form a choice library by themselves. If you want to know about the Oxford books for the theatre library, you had better write[20] for the charming little booklet which is on our desk now.

THE OXONIAN.

([1]) $5.00. ([2]) $3.75. ([3]) $2.50. ([4]) $4.50. ([5]) $2.50. ([6]) $4.25. ([7]) $7.00. ([8]) $3.50. ([9]) $4.50. ([10]) $1.25. ([11]) $2.25. ([12]) $6.00. ([13]) $3.00. ([14]) $21.00. ([15]) 3 vols., $160.00. ([16]) $7.00. ([17]) 2 vols., $50.00. ([18]) $40.00. ([19]) Limited edition, $65.00; 100 autographed copies, $90.00. ([20]) Address, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

TIME goes faster on an island in Maine than anywhere else—yes, even faster than on a T. A. T. plane flying from New Mexico to Los Angeles, and that seemed fast enough to us. Just two months ago last Tuesday we were aboard one, and here we are going to market at Southwest Harbor to buy haddock and the makings of a chowder and fetching a market basket home on our arm just as if nothing like that had ever happened. Life is like that. But to go back to Time. There is an old clock in a Mt. Desert antique shop where we wasted an hour the other day. It is an old French timepiece with figures that would delight the heart of Tony Sarg. But what pleased us most were the two little men, who with bright coats and wide leers stand over a block, each at the end of a cross saw. It is their important duty to wait until the hour comes round and then to saw vigorously the proper number of strokes. We could not help envying them their occupation—having ourselves always wanted to "kill Time."

Here with the mountain ash berries already turned orange, and golden rod going it full tilt along with cranberries in the back pasture, it is hard to believe in last June and the American Library Association Conference in Los Angeles. But we were there. We have pictures to prove it, and we know therefore that Effie L. Power of Cleveland did meet us on the flying field. We know, too, that all sorts of people who were just important names to us before, are very real indeed. There were Paget-Fredericks and Louis Bromfield, our near neighbors at a dinner in the Beverly Hills Hotel at which Miss Annie S. Cutter of Cleveland and others of the School Library Committee presided; Monica Shannon, whose "Eyes for the Dark" we have long known and liked, who came in from her ranch in the California mountains to have lunch with us; Wilhelmina Harper, whose latest collection in the juvenile line, "A Book of Necessary Ballads," has just been brought out by Harpers; Eva Leslie, head of Children's Library work in Los Angeles, who gave us support through the ordeal of a radio talk; and Lucille Morrison, who brought "Letitia" and "Mona," two members of her collection of old dolls, in to see us. Rumors of Mrs. Morrison's old dolls had been drifting to us for some months past, and when we saw these specimens and some of their equipment, more specifically "Letitia's" haircloth sofa, we felt very envious. Their owner is a Stokes author. Last year she was responsible for a charming story, "The Attic Child," and we understand the same firm will bring out another book of hers this Fall.

Speaking of the F. A. Stokes Company reminds us that Helen Dean Fish and Emily Street are back from their travels, notably from that famous walking trip with Eleanor Farjeon in Sussex (mentioned by us with such envy last Spring.) Of this they fetched home delightful accounts and from Helen Fish we begged this poem written by Miss Farjeon. It later embellished the poet's column in a London newspaper (we forget which), and we never could quite make out which of the two companions mentioned showed such deplorable shyness of cows. Perhaps it would be kinder to say it was a composite character. At any rate here is the poem.

"THE LASS I WALKED WITH"

The lass I walked with yesterday
Loved every bird that flies,
And three dead moles upon the way
Drew her wistful eyes;
The running rabbit drew her glee,
The youngest lamb her smile,
The small rough pony drew her plea
To stay and talk awhile;
But when our footpath crossed a brow
Where very far ahead
Grazed a mild, contented cow,
"Must we go there?" she said.

That could never have happened on our island, there being but one cow and she one that keeps very much to herself. This may be the effects of her June and September transportation across the Western Way in a scow. Once we saw her arrive in two scows, her fore feet in one and her hind ones in the other. We have never forgotten the picture, or the sad, bewildered roll of her shoreward eye!

But to turn from cows to dogs. We have inherited Pamela Bianco's Scottie, a well behaved, pepper-and-salt mixture lady whose bell warns all squirrels and chipmunks of her approach. Her former owner sailed for Italy last month on the Conte Biancamano there to spend a year on a Guggenheim Fellowship and do creative painting. Scottie is most considerate about not reminding us of the more artistic circles in which she formerly moved. We do our best to distract her mind.

Another Scottie dog we are sure will be popular this Fall is "Angus," the product of Marjorie Flack's pen and brush. "Angus" is an inquisitive Scotch terrier who lives completely and irresistibly between the covers of "Angus and the Ducks," just published by Doubleday, Doran's Junior Books Department. "Angus" was really a present to Scottie, but he arrived on a stormy day and soon became the delight of a group of island children. His adventures were hailed with equal interest by four and fourteen year olds. "Angus" certainly runs true to form and all households owning Scotties will claim him for their own. All households not being lucky enough to own Scotties should have him as a substitute.

Also from Doubleday, Doran Junior Books Department has come "Emil and the Detectives," a popular German juvenile for younger boys which has been translated by May Massee. Miss Massee ordinarily confines her activities to selecting and seeing to the publication of all Doubleday, Doran Junior Books, so this was in the nature of a side line. We happen to know she did it all by herself in odd moments, having come upon her of an evening in West Twelfth Street, hard at her translating. We wish we knew enough German to say congratulations, but all we do know is what we have heard said in response to a hearty sneeze. Would that be appropriate, we wonder?

Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Reviews

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES. By ERICH KASTNER. Translated by MAY MASSEE. Illustrated by WALTER TRIER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARCIA DALPHIN

IF there is any aversion more justifiably well-rooted than that to books in which the child heroes or heroines reform their elders, brighten their lives, or in some other way show themselves the superiors of grown-ups in intelligence and resource and what not, it is yet to be discovered. The situation is contrary to good sense and good manners. So, when we confess that we were quite bowled over by this story from the German whose plot is nothing less than the capture of a thief by a small boy and his friends, readers will understand that a wall of prejudice had to be surmounted. Evidently it's all in how it is done.

In brief this is the story. Emil Tischbein lives in a small town in Germany with his mother who supports herself and her small son by hair-dressing. They are very poor, so poor that they cannot have the old grandmother with them, and have sent her to Berlin to live with relatives. Emil, as the story opens, is going all alone on the train to visit her, with the 140 marks which his mother has pinched and scraped to save tucked away in his breast pocket. Alas and alas! He falls asleep in the compartment and when he wakes the money is gone—and so is the man in the stiff hat who so thoughtfully offered chocolate to the young traveler. Emil dares not ask help of the police for he has an exaggerated idea of the one blemish on his past in Neustadt, a little matter of painting a red nose and mustache on the face of the Grand Duke's statue. Accordingly he starts in to do his own sleuthing, and it is just here that a lucky thing happens, for Emil falls in with a crowd of Berlin street urchins who ask nothing better than to join in the hunt. It would be a shame to spoil the reader's fun by disclosing the climax. On what a small rock does the bark of Herr Grundeis Müller Kiessling split! That is a great moment in the little Commercial and Private Bank, and like many truly great things it hinges on a very tiny circumstance.

The undeniable charm of the story is attributable to two things—the situation and the characters. There is something very beguiling, absurdly moving, in the picture of this bold thief surrounded by a swarm of youngsters who by mere force of numbers nullify their weakness as adversaries. As for the characters—not for a long time have we met in a book children so real, real as salt and bread; simple, natural, so absolutely true that you find yourself nodding mentally and saying "Yes. Just so do children think and talk and act."

There isn't a sentimental touch in the book and yet you are in no doubt as to the warmth of the affection existing between Emil and his mother, or, so far as that goes, the devotion of the whole family connection. A charming home life is implicit throughout. Not every writer of children's books could give you without offending conversations between a small boy and his mother in which the word "fresh" is the only one that describes the boy's remarks. Erich Kästner, the young German journalist whose first book for children this is, has done it. The delightful verbal give and take among members of a family who are sure of each other, and imbued with a mutual respect which is not dependent on lip-service, has seldom been better done than in this simple story.

A great deal of the credit for this must go to the translator who has done an excellent piece of work, with care and appreciation very evident. While we feel that she might have exercised a little more restraint in the matter of American slang which is occasionally present to such a degree that it endangers the foreign "feel" of the story, it must be admitted that just as we would begin to be a little irritated by this, some amusing remark or turn of the plot would set us chuckling and totally disarm criticism.

Temptation to quote must be resisted, and, too, the dialogue for full effect needs its own setting. But let no one who really cares for children and finds a peculiar appeal in that which goes on beneath their apparently unsubtle surfaces, let no one who believes in and loves the idea of the family as an institution, miss this book.

THE GYPSY CARAVAN. By HOWARD PEASE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by FLORENCE BAYARD BIRD

THIS is a charming story of two children who join a magic gypsy caravan. The small hero and heroine, Betty and Joe, start out in a taxi to a masquerade party, but their cab breaks down. At nightfall they meet a gypsy caravan on the road. The leader of the tribe invites them to join the Romany band which is "going anywhere the road leads because around each turn lies adventure."

It does not take long to find the expected adventures. First the children meet Robin Hood. Then they journey to Austria and assist Blondel to rescue Richard Coeur de Lion from the Tower of Gratz. In company with the gypsies, the children go even to Bagdad where they encounter Ali Baba and Haroun al Raschid himself.

There is, of course, nothing particularly novel in "The Gypsy Caravan." After the average child hero and heroine, however, Betty and Joe are a relief. They are neither little prigs of the Elsie Dinsmore variety, nor typical *enfants terribles*. They are normal, healthy young people who accept the adventures that come their way as a matter of course, and do not spend their time philosophizing or being naughty. Any right-minded child, who had been brought up on the Robin Hood tales and the "Arabian Nights," might have behaved much as they did.

Howard Pease combines a simple narrative style, so necessary for holding the attention of ten-year-olds, with a decided gift of description. His scenes at the country fair in Nottingham and in the market place of Bagdad are good. His appreciation of the countryside has freshness. He writes, for example, of the smell of warm mint in the valleys; frogs shrilling in a pond, a jack rabbit strayed by the wayside. Mr. Pease also succeeds in avoiding the fatal, unforgivable mistake of "writing down" to his young readers, by telling a straightforward tale simply, without condescending.

Harrie Wood, who contributes the illustrations in black and white, has again shown his faculty for catching the spirit of children's books. His work adds much to "The Gypsy Caravan." For Lewis Carroll's Alice has voiced the opinion of children for all time when she demanded: "What is the good of a book without pictures?"

The Universe

By WALTER DE LA MARE

I HEARD a little child beneath the stars
Talk as he ran along
To some small riddle in his mind that seemed
A-tiptoe into song.

In his dark eyes lay a wild universe—
Wild forests, peaks, and crests;
Angels and fairies, giants, wolves, and he
Were that world's only guests.

Elsewhere was home and mother, his warm bed:
Now, only God alone
Could, armed with all His power and wisdom, make
Earths richer than his own.

O Man!—thy dreams, thy passions, hopes, desires!—
He in his pity keep
A homely bed where love may lull a child's
Fond Universe asleep!

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK NO. 14. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

IN considering a literary grab-bag such as the fourteenth number of "John Martin's Big Book," it is necessary to remember that the miscellaneous character of its contents is due to the fact, by its own admission, that it endeavors to appeal to children from three to eleven years. Whatever one's opinion of so loose a classification, the fact remains that its editor has maintained it with apparent success for lo, these thirteen years. There must, then, be a demand for this sort of thing.

Upon first glancing through its pages—and why, by the way, unnumbered pages?—the absence of well-known names rather piques one's curiosity. One looks forward to making new friends. Very few materialize. We are not inclined to admit many of the contributors to the charmed circle of gifted writers for children. Those children who turn to John Martin's Book No. 14 asking for literary bread, receive perhaps not invariably stones, but often th most diluted kind of custard, composed watery milk, far too much sugar, and eg whose intentions were presumably hono able but for whom the test was too severe.

The illustrations, maintaining the traditional John Martin coloring of black, red, and white, are adequate but undistinguished. Occasionally there is a full page drawing, illustrating some slight jingle or nonsense verse, which has the necessary vigor and humor, such as the one which depicts the "Wild Waquit Lion" in a cage without bars, with the superscription:

Here's a noisy lion in such a noisy rage
That you had better draw the bars to KEEP
HIM IN HIS CAGE!

On the whole, however, the jingles, poetry, and stories are not such as to inspire illustrators to their best efforts. For so deliberate and so poor a dehydration of many famous old fairy tales as "The Princess Who Got Her Wish," there is no excuse. The silliness and sentimentality of such stories as "The Two Little Boots," "Blondina's Air Trip," "The Conscience Bird," and many others, are irritating in the extreme to an audience for whom any children's room in a public library provides genuine material. As for the please-and-thank-you and eat-your-spinach and love-your-carrots admonitions, one longs only for Milne or Burgess to wash away their insipid flavor.

There are, fortunately, exceptions. A little tale such as "To Prance or to Sit," by Martha Hartford Webb, is original and distinctive. "Goin' fer the Doctor," by Jessie Penniman White, may take its place with the many humorous house-that-Jack-built tales in which children delight. "The Soldier's Soup" must be great fun to tell as well as to read. A few legends and adaptations such as "The Porridge Pot of Zurich" and the Lorna Doone tales are carefully chosen and well written. But it is useless to deny that, in these days of distinguished children's authors and illustrators, far better material is available than is found between the pages of "John Martin's Big Book No. 14."

The Federal Office of Education has established a service the aim of which is to assist school systems throughout the country in planning for the education of children who are mentally or emotionally of exceptional type.

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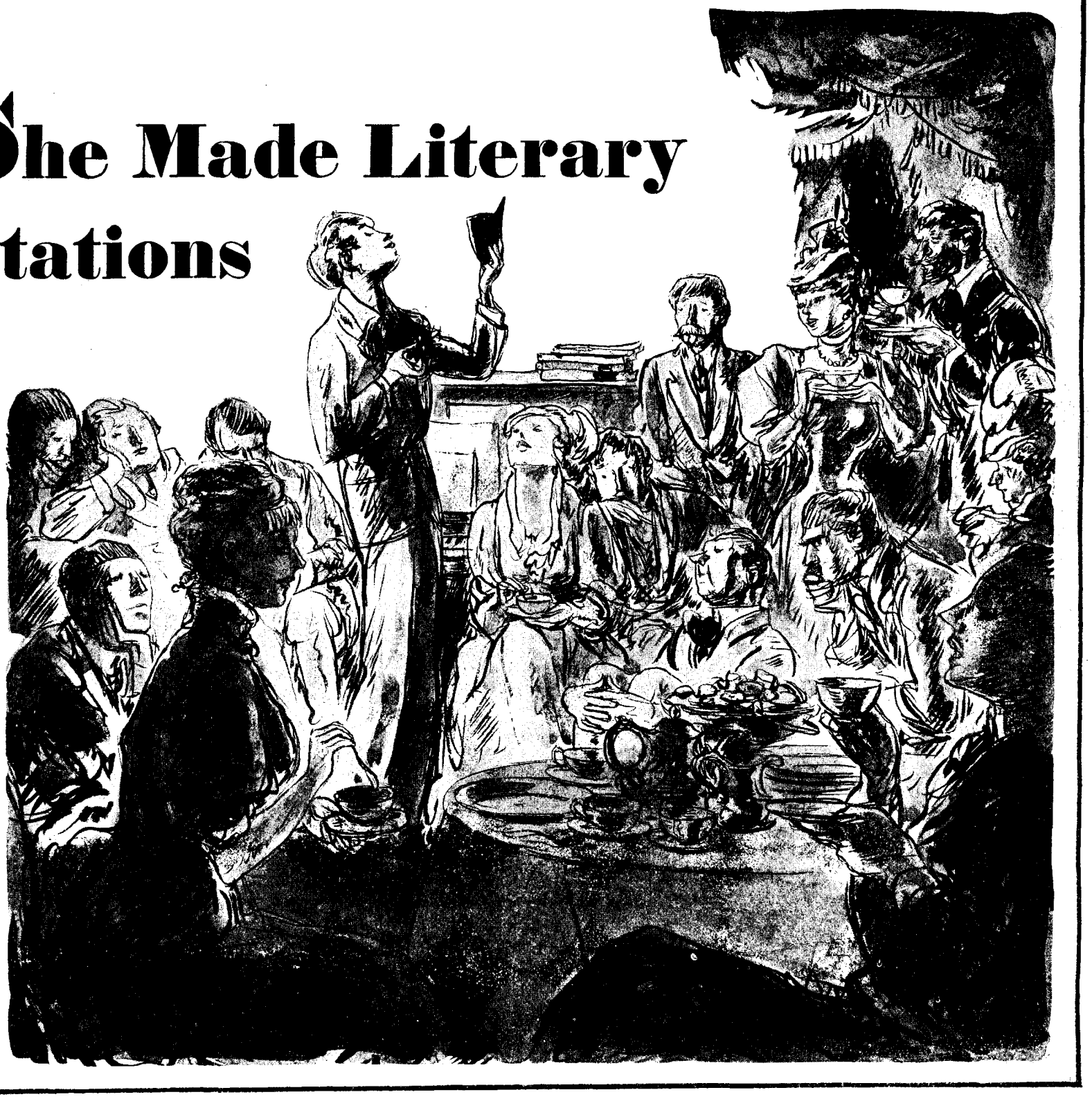
She Made Literary Reputations



"There were young poets, who on pressure consented to read a little thing they had just written, and middle-aged singers deploring the fact that the English were not a musical race."

IT was one of the Driffields' Saturday afternoons. Cultured and animated. Nobody very famous. Except, of course, Mrs. Barton Trafford. She made literary reputations. She went to tea parties, soirées, and At Homes, always charming and gentle, but grimly determined to back a winner. Edward Driffield was her latest bet. It was scandalous, thought Mrs. Trafford, that his exquisite work remained known only in a narrow circle . . . and Rosie Driffield was, of course, only an ex-barmaid with whom a distinguished man of letters had made an unfortunate marriage. Rosie, in turn, spoke warmly of Mrs. Trafford as "that damned old cat."

Cakes and Ale exposes a lively skeleton in the literary cupboard. It's a brilliant and sardonic novel in which Mr. Maugham tells the story of "a natural genius at prostitution and the literary prostitution of a synthetic genius." That's why everyone's talking about it. That's why it's the literary sensation of England and America.

Cakes and Ale

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Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review of Literature

Fall Book Number

"THE DEEPENING STREAM" - *Reviewed by* WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS" - *Reviewed by* JOSEPH JASTROW

THE ISLAND AND THE FIRE - *By* STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

CARROLLIAN NONSENSE - - - *By* WALTER DE LA MARE

"R. V. R." - - *Reviewed by* FRANK JEWETT MATHER

A LETTER FROM LONDON - - *By* J. B. PRIESTLEY

JOHN MISTLETOE - *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"PASCAL" *Reviewed by* DAVID EUGENE SMITH

THE FALL BOOKS - - *By* AMY LOVEMAN

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MRS. PACKLETIDE'S TIGER

by SAKI

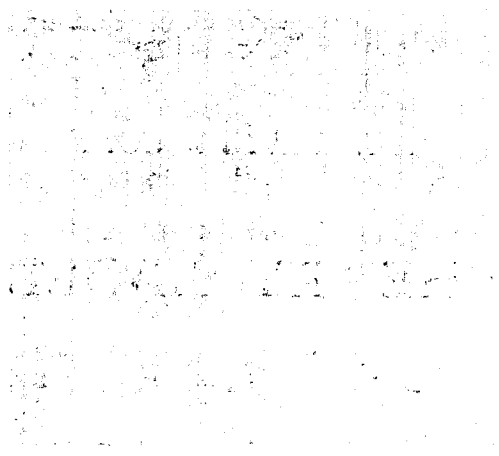
IT was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. Not that the lust to kill had suddenly descended on her, or that she felt that she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one fraction less of wild beast per million of inhabitants. The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of Nimrod was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house in Curzon Street, ostensibly in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. She had also already designed in her mind the tiger-claw brooch that she was going to give Loona Bimberton on her next birthday. In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by hunger and by love Mrs. Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.

Circumstances proved propitious. Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without overmuch risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of being the favoured rendezvous of an animal of respectable antecedents, which had been driven by the increasing infirmities of age to abandon game-killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting-grounds, and the cheaper kinds of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one great anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the date appointed for the memsahib's shoot. Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

The great night duly arrived, moonlit and cloudless. A platform had been constructed in a comfortable and conveniently placed tree, and thereon crouched Mrs. Packletide and her paid companion, Miss Mebbin. A goat, gifted with a particularly persistent bleat, such as even a partially deaf tiger might be reasonably expected to hear on a still night, was tethered at the correct distance. With an accurately sighted rifle and a thumb-nail pack of patience cards the sportswoman awaited the coming of the quarry.

"I suppose we are in some danger?" said Miss Mebbin.

She was not actually nervous about the wild beast, but



she had a morbid dread of performing an atom more service than she had been paid for.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Packletide; "it's a very old tiger. It couldn't spring up here even if it wanted to."

"If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."

Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination. Her energetic intervention had saved many a rouble from dissipating itself in tips in some Moscow hotel, and francs and centimes clung to her instinctively under circumstances which would have driven them headlong from less sympathetic hands. Her speculations as to the market depreciation of tiger remnants were cut short by the appearance on the scene of the animal itself. As soon as it caught sight of the tethered goat it lay flat on the earth, seemingly less from a desire to take advantage of all available cover than for the purpose of snatching a short rest before commencing the grand attack.

"I believe it's ill," said Louisa Mebbin loudly in Hindustani, for the benefit of the village headman, who was in ambush in a neighboring tree.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Packletide, and at that moment the tiger commenced ambling towards his victim.

"Now, now!" urged Miss Mebbin with some excitement; "if he doesn't touch the goat we needn't pay for it." (The bait was an extra.)

The rifle flashed out with a loud report, and the great tawny beast sprang to one side and then rolled over in the stillness of death. In a moment a crowd of excited natives had swarmed on to the scene, and their shouting speedily carried the glad news to the village, where a thumping of tom-toms took up the chorus of triumph. And their triumph and rejoicing found a ready echo in the heart of Mrs. Packletide; already that luncheon-party in Curzon Street seemed immeasurably nearer.

It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay. Mrs. Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers, anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion. Therefore did Mrs. Packletide face the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame reached from the pages of the *Texas Weekly Snapshot* to the illustrated Monday supplement of the *Novoe Vremya*. As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions. The luncheon-party she declined; there are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous.

From Curzon Street the tiger-skin rug travelled down to the Manor House, and was duly inspected and admired by the county, and it seemed a fitting and appropriate thing when Mrs. Packletide went to the County Costume Ball in the character of Diana. She refused to fall in, however, with Clovis's tempting suggestion of a primeval dance party, at which every one should wear the skins of beasts they had recently slain. "I should be in rather a Baby Bunting condition," confessed Clovis, "with a miserable rabbit-skin or two to wrap up in, but then," he added, with a rather malicious glance at Diana's proportions, "my figure is quite as good as that Russian dancing boy's."

"How amused every one would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Packletide quickly.

"How you shot the goat and frightened the tiger to death," said Miss Mebbin, with her disagreeably pleasant laugh.

"No one would believe it," said Mrs. Packletide, her face changing color as rapidly as though it were going through a book of patterns before post-time.

"Loona Bimberton would," said Miss Mebbin. Mrs. Packletide's face settled on an unbecoming shade of greenish white.

"You surely wouldn't give me away?" she asked.

"I've seen a week-end cottage near Dorking that I should rather like to buy," said Miss Mebbin with seeming irrelevance. "Six hundred and eighty, freehold. Quite a bargain, only I don't happen to have the money."

. . . . .

Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, christened by her "Les Fauves," and gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends.

"It is a marvel how Louisa manages to do it," is the general verdict.

Mrs. Packletide indulges in no more big-game shooting.

"The incidental expenses are so heavy," she confides to inquiring friends.

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